

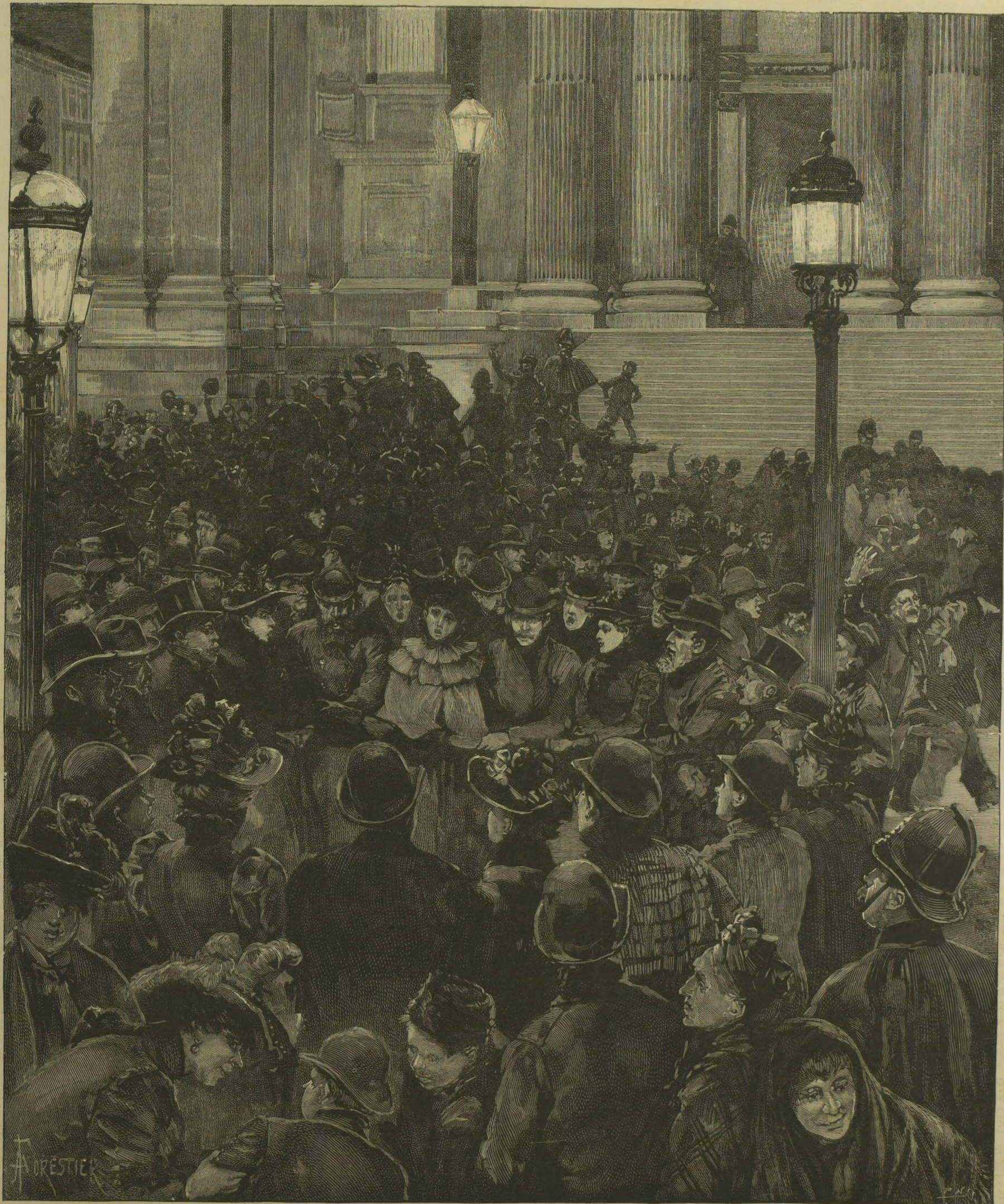
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NEW YEAR'S EVE OUTSIDE ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: "AULD LANG SYNE."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

When Christmas goes it takes, at all events, one thing with it that we don't regret in our village, and that is the waits. If they would come and not sing, we should not have a word to say; and why not? There are "dumb waiters," and it is obvious that the comparative must have had a positive (or how could it have been begotten?)—dumb waits. The organ that wouldn't grind was for a whole season the most remunerative instrument in London. We have not, indeed, the slightest objection to listen to our aboriginal minstrels. The choirs from church and chapel, the dear little school-children, are welcome—only the earlier in the evening the better. "While shepherds watched their flocks by night" is a charming carol; but we are not shepherds; at night we are asleep and do not want to be roused from our slumbers. After 9 p.m. it is distinctly understood by our little household that no one is to be remunerated for "waiting." What we do object to is the vocalists from the neighbouring town, who, under the pretence of being "unemployed," take up temporarily with carol-singing. Labour representatives are always complaining that "the unemployed have no voice," and this is quite true. In compensation, perhaps, for want of harmony they have, however, almost always some terrible instrument with them; generally a trombone, with a burst of melody that reminds one of the going-off of a blunderbuss. Its unexpected explosion among the laurels is rather trying to the nerves of an invalid at midnight. Of course, being the unemployed, they have to be paid. They assure us that they have had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours, but in such a manner as to convince us that they have, at least, had plenty to drink. Later on there comes another band, also with a trombone, who assure us that we have been taken in by their predecessors, who are persons of independent means, whose only calling is to take the bread out of the mouths of honest men. As they tramp down the gravel sweep there arises the strangest sound that ever fell on mortal ears: something—probably the shilling he has just received—has tickled the sense of humour of the man with the trombone, and he is laughing through it. "This," as Mr. O. Smith, of the Adelphi Theatre, used to say, "is demon's mirth." For my part, as to night "waits," I sympathise with the views of the gentleman who, on being called upon the next day by the persons who had awakened him with carols on the previous night, inquired their business. "Well, Sir," was the modest rejoinder, "we are the waits." "I am not surprised," was the unexpected reply. "We are come," they continued, "for the usual gratuity." "I did hope," he said, with quiet dignity and a pity for human nature in his tone, "that you had come to apologise."

It was lucky for the jury in the Ardlamont case that they had not, as in old times in Scotland, to stand while the judge was addressing them. Some cases, of course, demand, as in this instance, a long summing-up; and some judges are naturally tedious. Lord Eskgrove, who was never tired of his own voice, had no mercy upon those who were, and if a poor jurymen sank cunningly down for a few moments' relief, his Lordship instantly reminded him that "these are not the times in which there should be any disrespect of this High Court." "Often," says Lord Cockburn in his "Memoirs," "have I gone back to the court at midnight and still heard him whom I left mumbling before still going on, with the smoky, unsnuffed tallow candles, in greasy tin candlesticks . . . the wagging of his Lordship's nose and chin being the chief sign that he was still charging." One of his favourite forms of eloquence was as follows: "And so, gentlemen, having shown you that the panel's argument is utterly impossible, I shall now proceed to show you that it is extremely improbable." It is amazing that in the country of Jenny Geddes no jurymen ever threw anything at him. The only parallel to this judicial logic for tedious obviousness that I remember was in a sermon I once heard preached in a village church upon the inconveniences of poverty. After the minister had expatiated upon them at great length, he added, "And all this is much more true of abject poverty," which gave the opportunity of a second discourse. The gift of speech is treated by some people as a new toy the exhibition of which gives them extraordinary satisfaction, and which requires to be constantly kept at work, lest its virtue should depart from it. They have no consciousness, one feels sure, of the terrible emotions—in intent often not short of murder—which they awaken in their unhappy hearers, or else judges and divines, who are among the worst sinners in this respect, would surely behave with greater moderation.

Sir Thomas Plumer was so prolix that he was unable to command the regular attendance of a Bar. His usher was often seen running about, even among the juniors, saying, "Pray, Sir, have you anything to move? Can you bring on anything before his Honour?" Bacon frankly tells Coke that he "delights to speak too much. When you speak in your own element, the law, no man equals you; but when you wander, you wander indeed." Was Coke annoyed, one wonders, by this plain speaking, or did he heap coals of fire (of a cheap quality) in return on Bacon?

When the "pious founder" thinks of the congregation in common with whom he no longer suffers, it is not to alleviate their woes. One has never heard of his making provision for a short sermon; on the contrary, he does his best, or his worst, to ensure their discomfort. One of them makes a bequest for the employment of an individual to wake the poor souls who have dropped asleep during sermon time. He bore a wand shaped like a hayfork, and fitted the fork to the nape of the neck of the sleeper. In another church the beadle did his spiriting more gently, or, at all events, with more consideration; he had a staff with a knob at one end and a fur brush at the other, and rapped the male and tickled the female sleeper.

It is said that there are two kinds of bad paymasters (though it is true one is very much worse than the other): he who does not pay at all and he who pays beforehand. Similarly, and with the same Hibernian smack about it, there are two kinds of bad Christmas-present givers: those who omit to send them and those who send them anonymously. Suppose, for example, a turkey arrives for you, with nothing but the handwriting (which you do not recognise) upon the label to denote the sender; your gratitude, for want of an object, loses its effervescence like a bottle of champagne which has been opened by mistake for nobody. Some people, indeed, are said to derive advantage from the omission, by expressing their thanks to everyone (or, at all events, to everyone in Norfolk), who is likely to have sent them a turkey. "I know, my dear So-and-so, that no one but you can have been so kind," &c., when, of course, all those who have not sent the turkey, if they have any sense of shame at all, feel bound to make reparation by sending something else. But this plan requires a certain strength of character and a practical turn of mind; and if these are wanting we often find ourselves given to too much affability to people in general, for fear one of them may have laid us under the obligation in question—an attitude, I need hardly say, extremely disadvantageous to our social well-being.

If plum-pudding is unwholesome, the *Hospital* will have much to answer for. It has had the hardihood to tell us that merrymaking is a fine medicine, and that even the virtuous may have their "cakes and ale." It pronounces plum-pudding to be digestible, and even goose, with apple sauce, to be not so deadly as is imagined by the dyspeptic. Whether this cheerful tidings is true or not, it is delightful indeed in these days to find a medical journal for its messenger. For of late years the doctors have set their face against everything one likes; and if one had confidence in their fiat, and did not see, when we meet them at dinner, how thoroughly they themselves despise it, we should never touch mince-pies again. As a matter of fact, the *Hospital* is probably right—at all events, so far as occasional feasting is concerned. The man who lives by rule becomes a mere machine, and in the end renders himself incapable of even the most moderate enjoyment. It is a poor heart that never rejoices, and the same may be said of the stomach. The wisest doctor I ever knew, though a very old-fashioned one, used to contend that even an occasional excess was good for the health; nor was he one of those persons who preach what they do not practise. And his practice was very large.

Benjamin Franklin used to compare the balloon of his days to a child who would presently come to man's estate. He thought the science of aerostation was in embryo, and in due time would do marvellous things. But his aspirations, one may now say, were too sanguine. Our aerial achievements are still literally "in the air"; the flights of our best aeronauts are involuntary; they are "blown about with every wind." It is true that the parachute has been brought to considerable perfection, but that is not flying but falling. It is something to be able to fall softly from a great height, but it is not much; it hardly seems worth while to go up so far in order to come down again. This reflection applies to the very latest improvements in the science. The winged man of Steglitz has, we are told, "accomplished a journey of 250 yards"; but this merely means that starting from a tower he has built for the purpose with a spring-board, or from a steep hill, that he has flown down that distance. As for the aerial machines of various kinds that are to "revolutionise warfare" by dropping dynamite over cities and armies, they may be marvels of mechanical science, but they have never yet "risen to the occasion," or even risen at all. Even the "Maxim" invention has, I understand, "never left the rails," which, although a great virtue in a locomotive, is very little credit to a flying machine.

In Knolles' "History of the Turks" there is an eloquent account of a flying man, whose feat was part of the amusements provided for the visit of the Turkish Sultan to the Greek Emperor in 1147. He was to fly a furlong from the top of a high tower, on which he appeared "in a long and light white garment in many plaits devised for the gathering of the wind." He hovered, poor fellow, as well he might, on the battlement, unwilling to venture into the unaccustomed element, and not until the immense

throng of spectators grew impatient and began to cry, "Fly, Turk, fly," did he take flight. Instead of mounting aloft, he came tumbling down and broke every bone in his body. During the 800 years that have intervened, we have done better than that. In Scotland, a criminal condemned to death was offered by the *savans* of the day the alternative of trying his luck with wings from the top of Stirling Castle, and came down in perfect safety; but that, again, was not flying, but falling.

We have many of us wished to be a bird when looking on the seagulls wheeling over the sunlit sea, and, indeed, to our limited faculties there seems no more delightful method of locomotion. We picture the angels using it, but, after all, though not terrestrial it scarcely strikes one as a heavenly accomplishment. The clergyman who expressed a hope to the dying pitman (who, of course, kept pigeons) that they should both be angels and have wings, was, we are told, much discomfited by the offer "to flee him for a sovereign," but it was a fitting reproof to him for using such material metaphors. It is no great compliment to the soul to compare it to an overgrown bird. Birds have not such a happy lot, with the exception of this fugitive gift, as the poets attribute to them; and, indeed, one poet, who has examined the subject, tells us that the crow is the only bird who can count upon reaching the natural limit of birds' life: "'Tis jolly to live like a great black crow, For no one doth eat him wherever he go"; but, after all, that seems hardly a ground for permanent content. Nor is even the bliss of flying without occasional mitigation, for another bard has pictured this very bird, or its congener the rook, as being unable to control its flight. "The rooks," he says, are in windy weather "blown about the skies." One can scarcely conceive a more undignified situation for that grave and self-respecting bird. Think of an angel being blown about the skies! Not very much has been made in fiction of this undiscovered art. The story of Peter Wilkins and the flying woman is a quaint enough production, but not absorbing in its interest. If he had been a "flyer" too, it would have had greater attractions; but it does not seem fair that one party to a matrimonial contract should have so great an advantage over the other—or, at all events, over the husband. One would never know where one's wife had flown.

After our "illustrated interviews" with English authors, in which are depicted their dining-rooms and drawing-rooms (perhaps a little over lifesize), and, above all, their sumptuous libraries, with every luxurious accessory to literary comfort, it is quite refreshing (like the cup of small beer to Christopher Sly) to read in the *Writer* an account of a lady author's literary possessions in the far West. They remind one a little of the theatrical properties of Mr. Crummies, to which Nicholas Nickleby "wrote up" his melodrama; but they seem to be quite sufficient, though the sum total of their cost was exactly three dollars and a half. It shows also how some people are inclined to minimise as others to exaggerate; for Anthony Trollope tells us that pens, ink, and paper, with some cobbler's wax on his chair, are all that is required for a man of letters. Here is the list (with costs) of the lady's furniture—

1 Kitchen Table (with drawer) ...	75 cents.
1 Sheet of Blotting-Paper ...	5 "
1 Inkstand ...	50 "
1 Mucilage Stand ...	15 "
1 Pint Bottle of Ink ...	25 "
1 Bottle Red Ink ...	10 "
Rubber Bands ...	25 "
1 Oil-Cloth Cover ...	50 "

In addition to these are three articles of luxury: a pen-rack (10 cents), a writer's dumb-waiter (175 cents)—the nature of which, unless it is an amanuensis who never interrupts dictation, is unknown to me—and a fancy tumbler (10 cents). This last is, I suppose, some automatic toy to amuse the writer in the intervals of composition—and there is the whole equipment. If she used an "everlasting pencil," as I do, and wrote on a block held in the hand, the kitchen table might be dispensed with. What she looks in time, and if the success of her works should authorise the outlay, to become possessed of is a shelf for a "reference library" with a couple of drawers to hold a copy of each of the periodicals in which she hopes to write. This is a capital notion, better even than the box labelled "ideas" (to the possession of which she also looks forward), since nothing is apt to be so neglected by the young author as the nature of the magazine to which he aspires. He sends his liveliest essays to the *Rock* or the *Record*, reserves his theological efforts for the *Butterfly*, and if a magazine only admits anonymous articles he is careful to stipulate that his contribution shall be signed. Let us hope that this economical and earnest lady worker may live to be demoralised by success, and to recline on an arm-chair with a swing reading-desk lit by a couple of the best wax candles. Then she may lay to heart a piece of advice that I have never seen given, but which is much needed by successful writers: "Do not relax your habits of observation, or trust to memory for what should be accomplished by eyesight." It is *this*, much more often than failing powers, which causes the popular author to lose his hold upon his readers.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

NEW YEAR'S EVE OUTSIDE ST. PAUL'S.

The last evening and night of the Old Year must be a time for sentiments, retrospective and prospective, to all intelligent bipeds; and people of different habits of mind will pass it in one way or another, solemnly and religiously, assembled in church or chapel, or secluded in private meditation, or at convivial friendly parties, according to their various moods and views of life. But kindness and hopefulness are recommended equally to all. In Scotland, it is well known, the custom of paying domestic visits, near midnight, to the families of acquaintance has become a pretext for street gatherings and parades of a rather demonstrative character; and upon the recent occasion, possibly by the initiative action of some London Scotsmen, there was a considerable muster, apparently of mixed nationalities and classes, in front of St. Paul's Cathedral, not limited to the Churchyard but extending a little way down Ludgate Hill. An attempt was planned by some of the agitators who would proclaim the grievances of "the unemployed" to take advantage of this nocturnal out-door assembly by making speeches from the Cathedral steps, but the City police were there in force and promptly checked such an unseasonable proceeding. The remaining multitude, when the big bell sounded twelve o'clock, peacefully sang "Auld Lang Syne" and "A Guid New Year to Ane an' A'" with more or less precise vocal harmony, but in an inoffensive spirit; and some of the wisest of them immediately went home to bed.

MAJOR WILSON.

The uncertainty which still prevails as to the safety of Major Wilson's party, who were cut off from Major Forbes's column in pursuit of Lo Bengula, is mitigated by the assurance that the missing troopers are commanded by an officer of exceptional experience and capacity. Captain Allan Wilson, who has attained the rank of major in the course of the operations against the Matabili, joined the Cape Mounted Rifles in 1878, and served with distinction in several native wars. After the Basuto campaign of 1880-81 he received a commission as a lieutenant in the Basuto Mounted Corps. The close of hostilities threw him into the exploration movement in the country south of the Zambesi, and his knowledge as a hunter and a gold prospector amongst the various tribes gave him a responsible post as the representative of the Bechuanaland Exploration Company in Victoria. At the beginning of the Matabili War he took active service as a captain in the Victoria Rangers, and after the flight of Lo Bengula from Bulawayo he accompanied Major Forbes on the expedition in quest of the fugitive. By the sudden rising of the Shangani River Major Wilson and his followers, about forty in number, were cut off from the main division, and there has been no positive news of them since, though disquieting rumours from native sources are numerous. One story is that some of Major Wilson's men have escaped in the direction of Fort Salisbury, and there is hope that this may be true of the whole party, who could not have been strong enough in numbers to withstand the Matabili attack. So far, the war against Lo Bengula has been attended by no striking reverse of fortune, though the refusal of the Matabili King to treat or surrender has prolonged the operations indefinitely, and endangered the life of one of the most gallant officers in the service of the Chartered Company.

"A.L.O.E."

The death of the lady who has been so long known to the world as "A.L.O.E." will snap, as it were, a link with the past to thousands of men and women over the whole English-speaking world. "A.L.O.E.," or "A Lady of England," was the pseudonym of a certain Miss Tucker, who for some fifty years lived the quietest possible life in England, sending book after book to her publishers, and becoming beyond question one of the most popular authors of the day. Then, without probably one paragraph appearing in a single newspaper, and with the least possible ostentation, she, at that advanced period of life, determined to go as a missionary to India, and she put herself in communication with the Church Missionary Society with that object. She went, it would seem, to Batala, a small station in the Punjab, and there she became an energetic worker on behalf of the Zenana Mission. To many it might seem strange that a woman somewhat advanced in life should thus elect to pass the sunset of her days. It was, nevertheless, her ideal, and "Gruff auf Tag" was the name by which she designated her modest home in the Punjab. The letters which record her death tell of her unwavering zeal on behalf of the women of India. "It was a plucky task," writes one, "for a fragile, delicately nurtured woman to undertake to learn the peasant language of the Punjab when over fifty years of age; but this effort was small in comparison with the courage required to go among bigoted and ignorant women whose husbands and men-folk had instructed them in all the most telling arguments in favour of their own religion, whether Mohammedan or Hindu." It is to be hoped that her life will be written, and certainly it will be one of the most fascinating that modern days has produced. Her literary work appeals principally to children, and perhaps it would not in any case attract the superciliously learned. In looking through a list of her books one is struck by the enormous popularity which some of them have enjoyed, and by the genuine literary beauties which many of them display. "Precepts in Practice," or stories illustrating the proverbs,

"Idols in the Heart," "The Young Pilgrim," a tale illustrative of the Pilgrim's Progress—these titles serve to indicate the character of much of her work, although perhaps "Claudia" and the "Lady of Provence" were even more successful as good stories. If we are not mistaken, her interest in India commenced long before she had seen that country, and "War and Peace," a tale of the retreat from Cabul, which was one of her most popular stories, was written before her voluntary exile. Miss Tucker died at Batala at the age of seventy-two.

"CONSTANTINOPLE IN LONDON."

"A predestinated capital," was Lamartine's comment on Constantinople; "a predestinated success" is the general comment on that wonderful city's London reflection, which has just been exposed to view at Olympia. The small minority who have gazed on the magnificent reality and wandered with growing delight through the narrow streets peopled with all the nationalities of the earth may justly quibble with not a few points of dissimilarity between the pride of the Ottoman Empire and its Kensington representation, but the British public will joyfully accept the latter as the latest addition to London delights. On the ruins of Venice has speedily grown, as by the wand of a magician, a modern version of Bysantium the ancient. In many respects it is preferable, for at Olympia the wayfarer's path is not hindered by the famous dogs who scavenge Constantinople with

projecting into the Bosphorus, lifts a hundred graceful legs at a given signal, the spectators are thrilled with indescribable emotion. The combination of colour and design reveals a taste and ingenuity of invention as remarkable as that capacity for manœuvring great masses of performers which makes Mr. Kiralfy a perfect Napoleon among showmen. Perhaps the two most signal successes in a gigantic entertainment are achieved by the Spanish dancers, with their rhythmical motion of the entire body, and the musical clowns, whose bells make so delightful a harmony. In the streets of this Olympian "Constantinople" the greatest crush is naturally at the harem, where the police have much difficulty in moving on the sightseers, who are overpowered by the charms of the languid Eastern beauties reclining on cushions and eating sweetmeats. There is a good deal of patronage, too, for the ladies who sell cigarettes in several languages; and for the caiques which dart about the Golden Horn, and carry visitors to the Hall of the Thousand and One Columns, where the lack of space is dexterously supplied by mirrors. It might be better if all the attendant ladies in the "Constantinople" shops were dressed in Oriental garb, but probably the millinery of the West will gradually disappear, and Gulnare will not be content to wear a fez and a garment which was unmistakably made in Brompton.

"ROBINSON CRUSOE" AT DRURY LANE.

Sir Augustus Harris is an entertainer on the Pestalozzian system. He endeavours to combine legitimate amusement with instruction. It will be well if the little ones run through their Kings and Queens of England before they take their seats at Old Drury for this year's pantomime. It would never do for a young lady to be "floored" when her smart brother asked her in what reign Queen Philippa interceded for the burghers of Calais, nor would it be pleasant if a Girton student of the future rounded on her Eton or Marlborough brother and posed him by asking him the "names, weights, and colours" of all the wives of King Henry VIII. A short course of Mrs. Markham or Mr. Green would be advisable before Sir Augustus tells his tale of English history in twenty minutes. Next in importance to the beautiful Fish ballet is the ballet of Red Indians, in which those popular favourites John and Emma D'Auban appear, while the packed audiences are never tired of applauding the versatile and restless Marie Lloyd as Polly, notwithstanding the decidedly music-hall flavour of the entertainment.

"NOAH'S ARK" AT COVENT GARDEN.

All good children love animals, and their friend Mr. William Holland, in the character of Father Noah, has sent them on to the stage, as the old song says, "by twos and twos." Elephants that valse and play musical instruments, mice that gambol in the presence of cats, grizzly bears that stand on their heads, birds that are trained to tumble like acrobats, eccentric cows and performing pigs all come cheerfully out of Mr. William Holland's "Noah's Ark," to the great joy of the little ones home for the holidays. Surely it must have been a good child who sent a Christmas dinner the other day to the poor tired horses in the Home for Rest, regaling them on carrots, apples, and bits of sugar. The precedent having been set, doubtless someone will send a Twelfth-cake of mutton-chop bones to the Battersea Dogs' Home. Before the holidays are over perhaps Mr. William Holland will invite the invalided dogs and horses, and all the outcast animals, to a special professional matinee of the "Noah's Ark." If the children are very clever, and are adepts in the art of coaxing, they will—having seen the Drury Lane pantomime of course, and the fairy story of Cinderella at the Lyceum, and wandered all over "Constantinople" at Olympia—claim to be taken instant to "Noah's Ark" at Covent Garden, on the ground that there they can study natural history from the living model. The clown's performing pig only requires one rival, and that is the clown's talking pony at the Argyle Street circus. Then Mr. Noah might shut the door of the Ark and trust to fate to land him on Mount Ararat.

THE RUSSIAN NAVY.

In estimating the proportionate naval power of Russia, with reference to the number and combatant force of her ships, it is reasonable to observe that the eastern and western maritime shores of her vast empire are geographically separated by the widest land space on the globe, so that no combined action of the fleet in Europe with that on the North Pacific Ocean coast is possible; also, that the Gulf of Finland, at Cronstadt, with much of the Baltic Sea, is frozen over during the greater part of the winter; and further, that the Black Sea is closed from the Mediterranean to ships of war by international treaties. A Russian squadron passing from the Baltic and the North Sea to the Mediterranean in war time would find its position imperilled by its distance from its supplies and ports of refuge and equipment; nor could these be provided, if Russia should ever obtain the cession of any port in the Levant, without a very large expenditure. These considerations may be taken into account, comparing them with the situation of other Powers like Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy, in forming any opinion of the effective strength of Russia at sea, at least for offensive purposes. Such battle-ships as the Gheorgy Pobiedonosets (George the Victorious) and the Tria Sviatiteli (Three Saints), recently completed, at Sebastopol and at Nicolaieff, are doubtless formidable, if well manned and ably commanded.

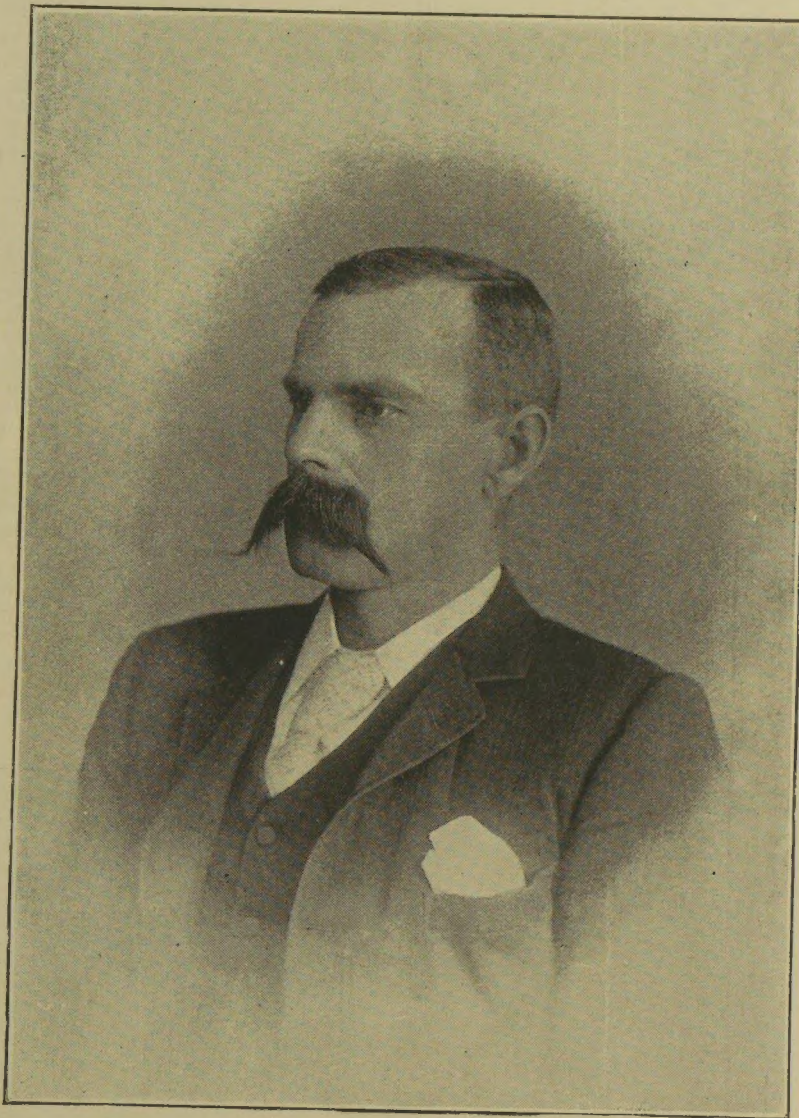


Photo by Harry Walter, Strand.

MAJOR ALLAN WILSON.

COMMANDING A PARTY OF THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY'S TROOPS IN THE MATABILI WAR.

such assiduity. New paint is more pleasant than any of the pungent odours of Stamboul. But with all the genius expended over "Constantinople" there is something lacking to complete satisfaction after one has roamed through the gaudy Rue du Sultan, surveyed a Turkish palace, and gazed at the gilded dome of a mosque; and a voyage in a caique "across the still lagoon" leaves one still with a grievance. Constantinople itself is far more splendid as a panorama than as a place; its Kensington imitation is finer as a place than as a panorama. There is the look of a parvenu about the latter which robs it of faithfulness to the original; the paint is too fresh and bright, the decoration is too lavish, and there is no hint of the centuries and their children who have made Constantinople a picture painted by many hands at many periods. Fortunately, however, there are few of the vast multitudes who are certain to throng this new city who will have had the doubtful pleasure of contrasting the two Constantinoples. Enough for them that there is plenty to see and little to pay—much that is novel and interesting, and nothing that is dull. And when they have mounted Galata Tower, crossed Stamboul Bridge, bought, as in duty bound (not "duty free"), some Regie cigarettes and Turkish delight, and peered into the varied bazaar, there will yet remain the "Spectacle" of "The Revels of the East," arranged by that master brain, Bolossy Kiralfy. On the great stage are hundreds of graceful figures, impersonating Arabs, Persians, Turks, and other Easterns—a pageant of brilliant colour which it would be difficult to rival, impossible to forget.

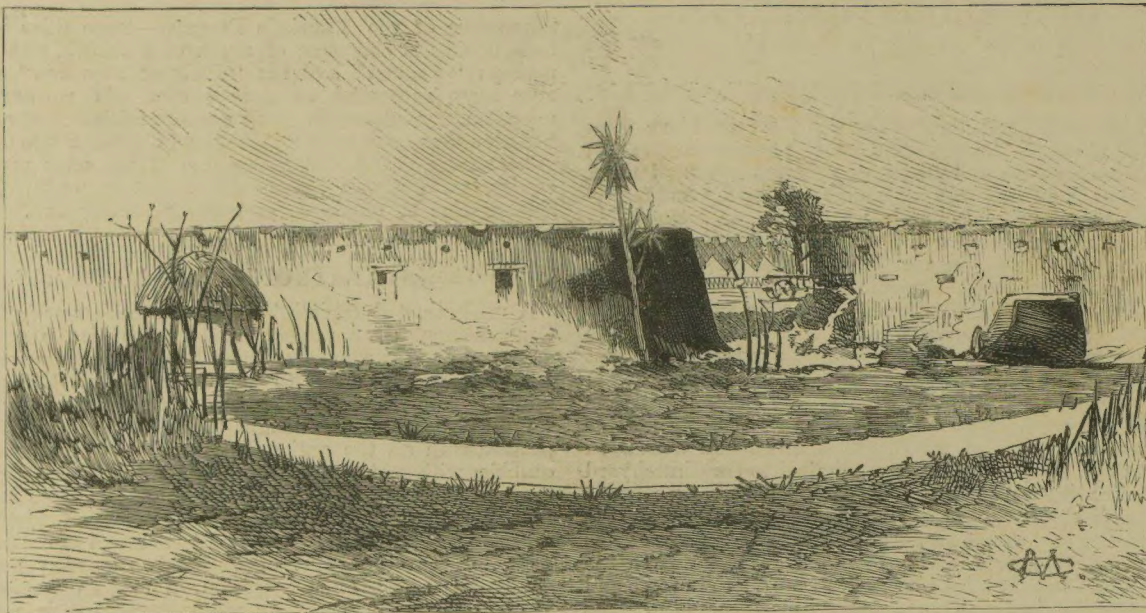
Mr. Kiralfy has, indeed, given Londoners the finest spectacle they have ever seen. The stage at Olympia affords space for effects which must be the despair of even the most enterprising of theatrical managers, and when the ballet, whose array extends the whole width of this immense space, and even down the wooden jetties

THE MATABILI WAR.

The first and chief actions in the recent war against the Matabili were performed by the troops of volunteers raised by Dr. Jameson, the able administrator of the British Chartered Company of South Africa in Mashonaland, marching westward from Fort Salisbury and Fort Victoria, in two separate columns; while other forces, commanded by Colonel Goold-Adams, consisting of the British Bechuanaland Armed Police, and the native Bechuanaland contingent of King Khama, advanced in the opposite direction, from Tata, the outpost of Bechuanaland, and from Forts Macloutsie and Monarch, which are situated to the south-west of Mashonaland; arriving at Buluwayo, King Lo Bengula's capital in Matabililand, when his most formidable "impis," or army divisions, had already suffered defeat from the Company's volunteers, led by Major Forbes and by Captain Allan Wilson.

We have received from Dr. Arthur W. Hogg, surgeon to the Fort Victoria column, some interesting sketches, part of which appear in this week's publication. One shows the interior of the royal "kraal," or palace enclosure, at Buluwayo, with the king's house to the left and the wagon-house to the right; another is that of the house belonging to Mr. Colenbrander, a European trader, now occupied as a temporary hospital; and the third is that of the camp of the Company's troops close to Buluwayo. The following extract is taken from Dr. Hogg's narrative of the first important engagement—

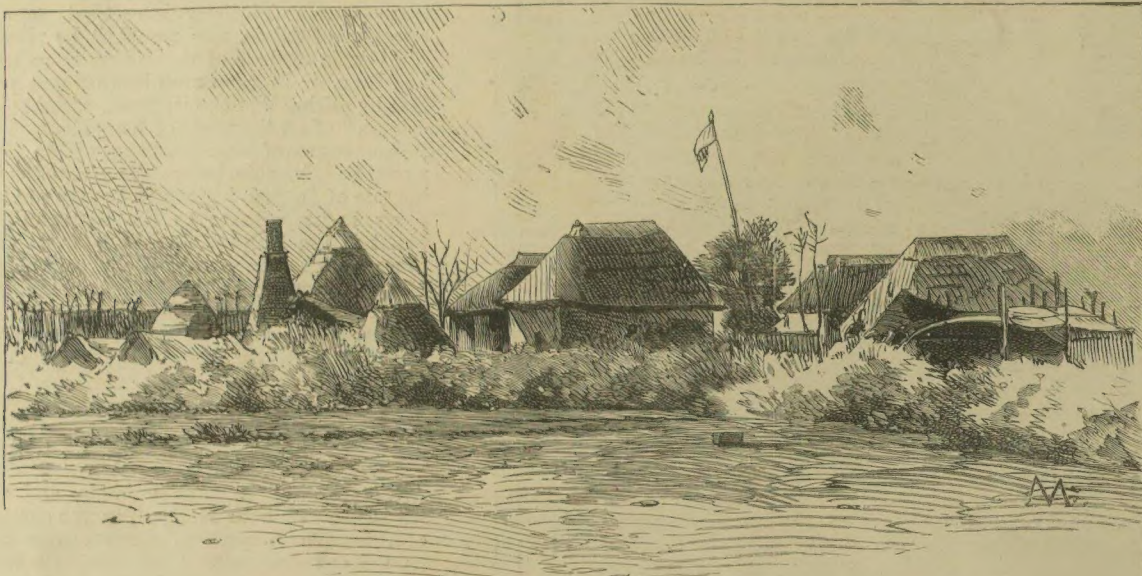
"The Salisbury contingent, 250 in number, under command of Major Forbes, 6th Inniskillings, with a transport of sixteen wagons, and artillery consisting of two Maxim guns, a seven-pounder, a Nordenfeldt and a Gardiner, left headquarters on Sept. 5, and arrived at Fort



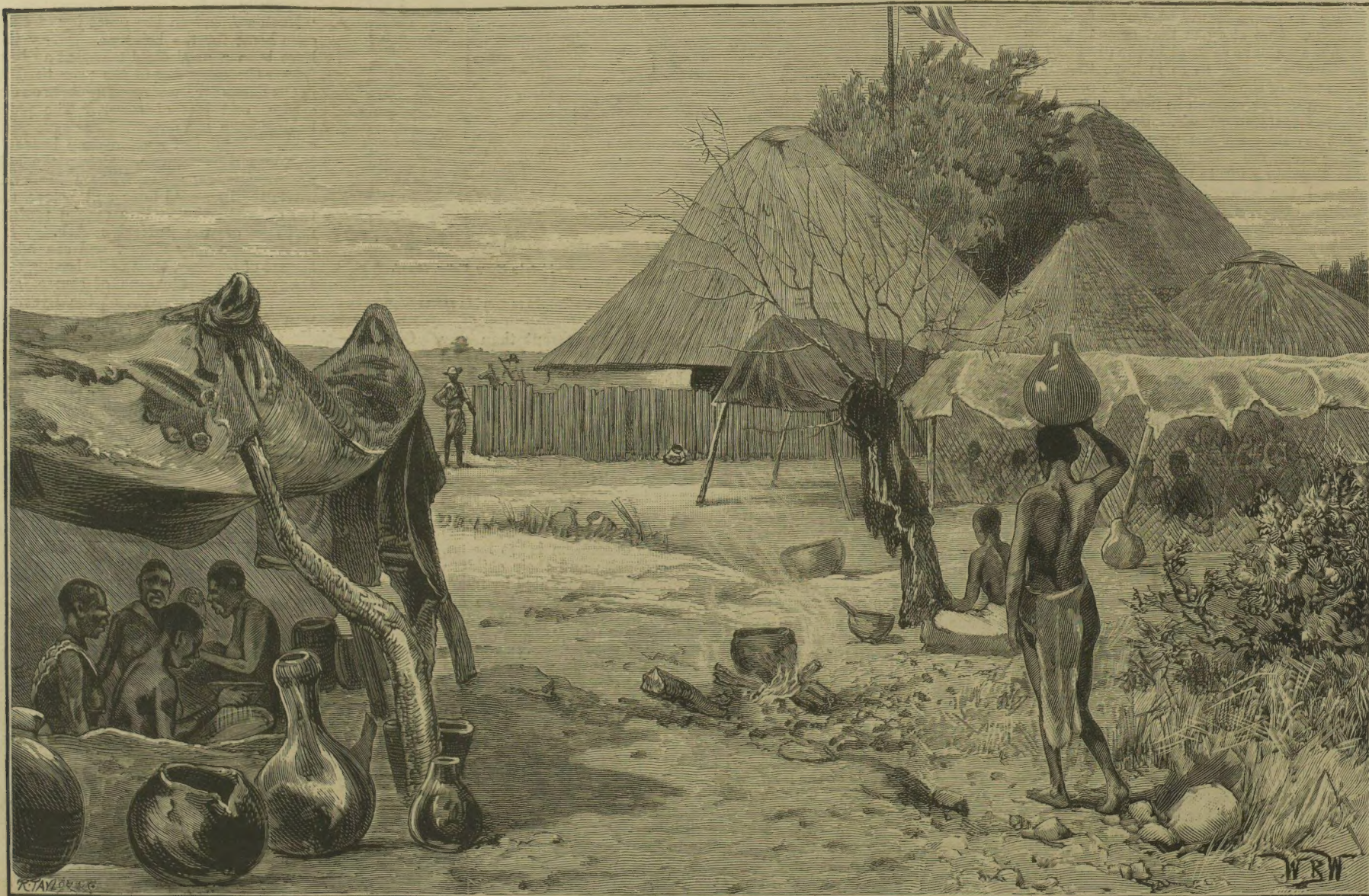
INTERIOR OF KING LO BENGULA'S KRAAL AT BULUWAYO.

Charter, a small telegraph station on the road to Victoria and about sixty miles from Salisbury, on the 10th. On Oct. 3 the column commenced its march. There were nearly two hundred men mounted, the remainder

forming the artillery and infantry. On the other side of the Sebakwe River we were practically in the enemy's country, and a sharp look-out was kept. On Oct. 16 the Victoria column joined us; this force consisted of 400 men, with twenty-two wagons, three Maxim guns, a Hotchkiss, and a seven-pounder, under Captain Allan Wilson, acting-major; they also brought 500 Makalakas. On Oct. 20 a hundred men went out at night and burnt the Insukamini Kraal, one of the largest in the country. The kraal was abandoned and the enemy was not seen. On Oct. 25 the enemy made their first attack on our laager. Our native contingent, the Makalakas, were encamped about 300 yards away on the left, to the eastward and near the river. It was there that the first shots were heard, and the alarm having sounded, a general attack was made on us from all sides. The light was very bad; the moon was fading away, and dawn was just commencing; the dark shadows from the bushy kopjes rendered it impossible at the commencement to make out their position. Our pickets had a narrow shave, and the Makalakas had to fight their way to the laager; the Matabili assegai'd and shot forty or fifty of them. The enemy made three determined rushes, but the fire from our artillery was too heavy for them. The attack on the laager continued about one hour. At half-past four all firing had ceased, and the skirmishing party returned. Our loss was one white man shot and three wounded. The enemy must have fired a great number of shots, but nearly all their bullets came high up over the tops of the wagons. The loss of the enemy was estimated at 300 killed and about the same number wounded."



MR. COLENBRANDER'S RESIDENCE, BULUWAYO, USED AS A TEMPORARY HOSPITAL.



THE TEMPORARY CAMP AT BULUWAYO.

From Sketches by Dr. Arthur W. Hogg, Surgeon to the Fort Victoria Column.

THE LATE SIR SAMUEL BAKER.

Sir Samuel Baker, the last of the great pioneers in African discovery, died of angina pectoris at his residence, Sandford Orleigh, Newton Abbot, on Dec. 30. Born on June 8, 1821, the eldest son of Samuel Baker, of Lypiatt, Gloucestershire, much of his desultory education was accomplished in Germany, whence he returned to England to equip himself for the profession of engineering. He was married in 1843 to Henrietta, the daughter of the Rev. Charles Martin; and from that time he began his wanderings, going two years later to Ceylon, and remaining there eight years. All this, however, was but the prologue to that wonderful career which has placed the name of Sir Samuel Baker high on the lists whereon are written the accomplishments of Livingstone and Burton, Speke and Grant. In 1855 the explorer lost his wife, and was married in 1860 to Florence, the daughter of Mr. Finnian von Sass, a Hungarian. This lady accompanied her husband in his search for and discovery of the Albert Nyanza, and in his subsequent expedition to the Soudan. The former exploit marked the beginning of Sir Samuel Baker's more noteworthy enterprises. He travelled to Egypt in the year 1861, determined to remove the doubts about the source of the Nile, and also to succour Speke and Grant, who had left Zanzibar in the previous year on a similar undertaking. During the earlier months of this momentous mission, Sir Samuel perfected himself in the knowledge of Arabic, and was at pains to acquire the practice of local custom and tradition, a habit to which he set down much of his subsequent success on the Nile and in the Soudan. He spent a year at this time exploring the tributaries of the great river flowing through Abyssinia; and it was not until June 1862 that he reached Khartoum. Thence with a company of ninety persons he gained Gondokoro in February 1860, meeting Speke and Grant, who moved him to great enthusiasm over their successes in the discovery of the Nile source. He determined to push on; and after a journey teeming with hardship and difficulty, he set eyes on the great sheet of water to which he gave the name of Albert Nyanza on March 14, 1864. Two years later he came to England, and received worthy honours. Cambridge University made him Master of Arts; the Royal Geographical Society awarded him a gold medal; the Khedive gave him a decoration, and he was knighted. The history of his success is well written in his two volumes, "The Albert Nyanza, Great Basin of the Nile," and "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia." He had yet, however, equally important work to do. In the year 1869 the Khedive entrusted him with the attempt to suppress the slave-trade in the Soudan,

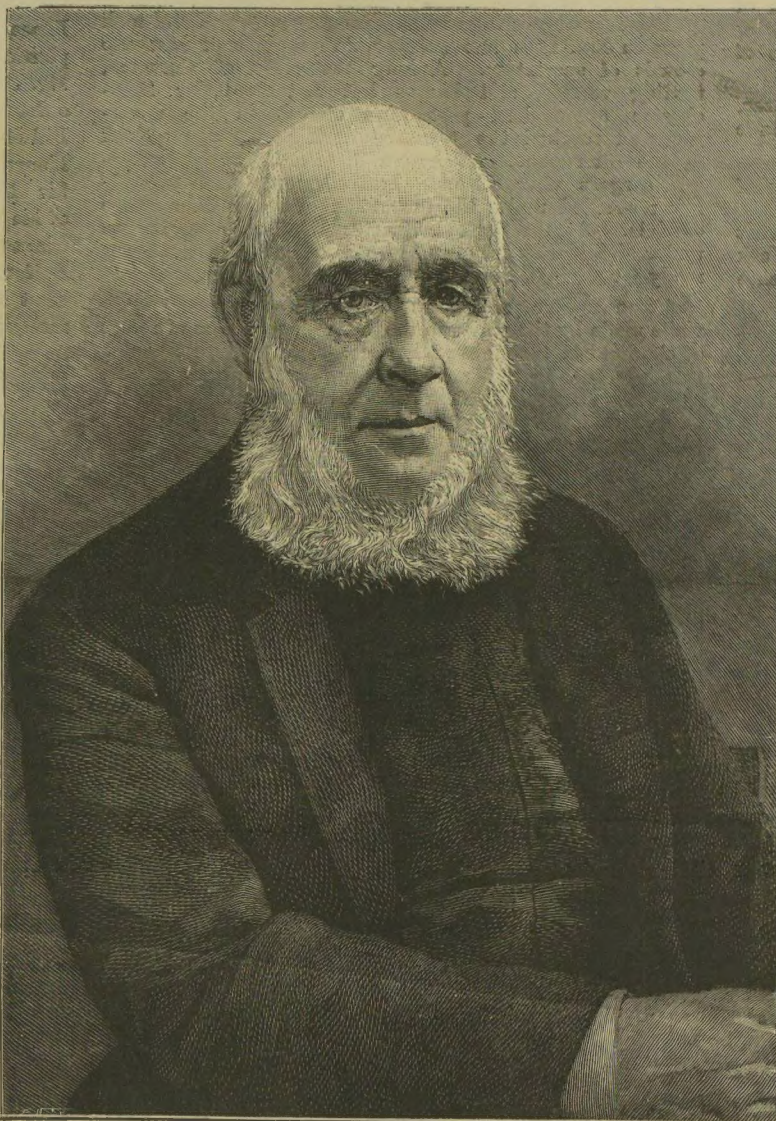


Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

THE LATE VERY REV. CHARLES MERIVALE, D.D., DEAN OF ELY.

giving him the rank of Pasha and absolute power, even that of death, in the countries belonging to the Nile basin south of Gondokoro. To this work he took a force of 1645 troops, and two batteries of artillery; but obstacles filled his path at every turn, and only his undaunted courage and signal daring enabled him to reach Gondokoro at all. His men died in large numbers from malaria and exhaustion; the White Nile was choked with "sudd"; the slave-raiders, foreseeing the extermination of their detest-

able occupation, opposed with all malice and treacherous cunning. Notwithstanding this, he checked the trade for a time, and unquestionably brought back from the undertaking an enhanced reputation for command and magnificent bravery. His later years were spent in more pleasant wanderings to Cyprus and the South; and then he settled down with Lady Baker to the life of a country squire at Newton Abbot. He was in his seventy-third year when he died, a vigorous man to the last, and his actions will long be matter of pride to his fellow-countrymen.

THE LATE DEAN MERIVALE.

The death of Dr. Merivale, Dean of Ely, at the age of eighty-five, takes from us a great figure in historical literature, as well as a notable ecclesiastic. Dean Merivale has a place by the side of Dr. Milman, Dr. Kitchin, and Bishop Thirlwall as one of the many brilliant writers on historical subjects of whom during the last half-century the Church of England has had so much reason to be proud. The work of these ecclesiastics can none of it compare with Bishop Stubbs's profoundly valuable "Constitutional History"; but in its thoroughness and its stimulus it has been one of the great literary factors of the era. Dr. Merivale's name, one may safely assume, will for long years to come be associated with his "History of the Romans under the Empire," of which the first volume was published in 1850. That book has a singular charm for every student of history, and those who have read it after the laborious but necessary work of Mommsen will enter upon the most fascinating of all histories, Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," with an equipment which is almost all that is possible in this age of hurried literary effort. Charles Merivale was born in 1808. He was educated at Harrow, at Haileybury, and at St. John's College, Cambridge. He rowed in the first University boat-race in 1829, and at a certain commemoration dinner of the inter-University crews he claimed for himself a share in inaugurating the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race. "It has been said," he remarked, "that the Bishop of St. Andrews was the first to suggest the race. I don't quite think I can admit that. He and I were old school friends and had often competed in contests both grave and gay, and I should rather say that the original idea was common to us both." He was appointed to the living of Lawford, in Essex, in 1848, and after some twenty years of parish work received the Deanery of Ely in 1869. Perhaps one of the most noteworthy incidents in his career as Dean was the celebration in 1873 of the twelve-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Cathedral, or rather the Monastery, of Ely, by St. Etheldreda.



Photo by Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE SIR SAMUEL WHITE BAKER.



Photo by William Notman, Toronto.

"A. L. O. E."—THE LATE MISS TUCKER.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, accompanied by Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg) and by Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne).

The Queen's New Year's gifts to the poor of Windsor, consisting of over a ton and a half of meat and sixty-three tons of coal, were distributed on Saturday, Dec. 30.

A telegram has been addressed from the Colony of Victoria, in concert with the other Australasian colonies, to the Duke and Duchess of York, inviting them to visit those parts of her Majesty's dominions. The Duke of York has felt obliged to decline for the present, in consequence of domestic circumstances, this invitation.

The fifth annual conference of the Scottish Labour party was held on Jan. 2 at Glasgow. Nearly 300 delegates attended. Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., presided, and urged the developing of the party of labour in independence of any political party. Resolutions in this sense, and in favour of the reorganisation of the industrial system on a Socialistic basis, were adopted.

A statement of the affairs of the Medical Battery Company, against which a winding-up order was granted on Nov. 22, has been issued, with the observations of Mr. C. J. Stewart, Official Receiver. The liabilities are £23,916, of which £19,780 will probably rank, with £4242 of assets, and a deficiency, as regards contributories, of £119,780. The Official Receiver gives a detailed history of the operations of the company. Its failure is attributed by Mr. Harness to articles in certain papers on the nature and conduct of the business.

An inquest has been held at Wastdale Head, Cumberland, on the body of Professor Milnes Marshall, of Owens College, Manchester, who was killed on Scafell on Sunday, Dec. 31. The evidence showed that the deceased fell about 130 ft., in consequence of a large stone on which he was standing or sitting having given way. A verdict of "Accidental Death" was returned.

On Dec. 28, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Mundella, President of the Board of Trade, and Mr. Fowler, President of the Local Government Board, received a deputation from metropolitan vestries and district boards on the relief of the unemployed. The deputation set forth the proposals agreed to at the conference in Shoreditch Townhall, and urged that the Government should subsidise light railways to remove the refuse of large towns to be utilised for fertilisation. Mr. Gladstone said there was no denying the fact of a large amount of distress and want of employment, though he was afraid that these conditions were not peculiar to London or to this country. The Prime Minister proceeded to point out that, as to the extension of the powers of control and acquisition possessed by the Government in regard to such undertakings as railways, there was great difference of opinion, and a negative judgment had been pronounced by a Royal Commission composed of very able and eminent men. The subject of the profitable utilisation of town refuse was one of great interest and importance, deserving of close investigation.

An adjourned conference of metropolitan members of Parliament, chairmen of local authorities, and others, was held on Dec. 29 at the Mansion House to receive the report of the Committee on distress in London through lack of employment. This report expressed the opinion that, on the whole, the distress owing to lack of employment is not much greater than is usual at this season of the year. The various plans adopted by the public authorities for providing employment last winter proved, almost without exception, to be unsatisfactory. The Committee offer some suggestions for the improvement of these methods. They record their judgment that relief works are no permanent remedy for the normal lack of employment which occurs every winter, but rather tend to perpetuate the evil; and recommend that, of the three classes into which the unemployed may be roughly divided, the improvident and idle may be dealt with by the machinery of the Poor Law, while those who are thrifty and of good character ought to be relieved by organised charity. They suggest an appeal by the Lord Mayor for increased public help to the principal metropolitan charities.

A Bill has been deposited in the Private Bill Office of the House of Commons for the reconstruction of the Thames Conservancy Board and the consolidation, amendment, and extension of their statutory powers. It proposes to increase the number of conservators to twenty-nine; to give total borrowing powers to the amount of £500,000; and to enable the various metropolitan water companies to take daily from the Thames 144 million gallons of water, paying altogether £30,115 per annum for the water thus taken. Various new provisions are embodied in the Bill with a view to the more effectual prevention of the pollution of the river and also for the better regulation of navigation.

The London County Council will introduce into Parliament next Session a Bill empowering them to purchase or lease lands, waterworks, wells, or rights to take water which they may think it desirable to acquire, with a view to the future supply of water to London and the neighbourhood.

In the London County Council Improvements Bill for next Session, the proposal is again made to purchase the garden in Lincoln's Inn Fields to lay it out as a public garden. The rules would be that no band shall be permitted to play in the gardens before 6 p.m. except Saturday, when the hour is fixed at 3 p.m.; and that bye-laws shall be framed to prohibit noisy games and to preserve the ornamental trees from injury.

The Home District military authorities at the Horse Guards have called for returns from all the metropolitan Volunteer brigades, showing full information as to the locality of all practicable signalling stations and lines of communication by visual signalling round London.

The Council of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce has adopted a resolution urging on the Government the necessity of maintaining the naval defences of the Empire

in such a state of efficiency as shall be fully adequate for present and prospective requirements.

The formal opening of the Manchester Ship Canal took place on Jan. 1, in fine weather, in presence of immense crowds of spectators. A long procession of steamers, trading vessels, and barges left Latchford for Manchester about half-past nine o'clock in the morning, and reached the terminal dock about one o'clock in the afternoon. A number of trading vessels bringing cargoes were at once berthed, and their unloading proceeded under the inspection of the Custom House officials. At the Salford Quarter Sessions, a certificate under the Harbours and Docks Act that this canal was ready for navigation was applied for and granted.

Some further particulars are published respecting the visits made by the police to the houses and places of resort of Anarchists throughout France. The dynamite bomb-thrower of the Chamber of Deputies, Vaillant, has appealed against his committal for trial, but the trial takes place on Friday, Jan. 5. Several more arrests have been made in Paris and elsewhere.

The Spanish police at Saragossa have arrested a prominent Anarchist named Franch, a leader of the party in Barcelona, who has been in hiding ever since the Liceo Theatre outrage. When arrested Franch made a desperate attempt to commit suicide, and wounded himself severely. He was taken before a magistrate, and avowed his complicity in the affair.

There has been further rioting at several places in Sicily. At Pietraperzia and Mazaro della Valle the mob violence was very serious, public offices being sacked and destroyed. A military officer has been appointed Prefect of Palermo, and has issued a manifesto to the people, calling on them to co-operate for the restoration of order.

The trial at Angoulême of the Frenchmen accused of participation in the riots at Aigues Mortes, where the Italian labourers were cruelly attacked, has resulted in the acquittal of all the accused.

M. Tricoupi, the Greek Prime Minister, has submitted his Budget to the Chamber of Deputies. The revenue for 1894 is estimated at 87,100,000 drachmas, and the expenditure at 86,400,000 drachmas. The balance of revenue over expenditure is to be applied in improving the conditions provisionally offered to the public creditors. The Minister declared that the efforts of both the Government and the Chamber would be to prove that the nation thought chiefly of its creditors' interests, and was sincerely desirous to pay the utmost that it could of its obligations.

In Servia an attempt to organise a coalition Ministry of Progressists and Liberals, under M. Nicolaievitch, has been baffled by the efforts of M. Persiani, the Russian Minister; and M. Pashitch, the Servian Envoy at St. Petersburg, will be called upon to form a new Government.

The United States Congress has reassembled, and it is expected that in the House of Representatives the debate on the Tariff Bill will be opened at once. The Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee have not yet been able to settle the scheme of inland taxation.—By a fire at Boston the Globe Theatre and some adjoining buildings were destroyed; the damage is estimated at £200,000.

The United States deficit of public revenue for the last six months of the year amounts to £6,952,000. The mercantile failures of 1893 show an increase in number of 51 per cent. compared with those of 1892, while the amount of liabilities is four times as great as in that year.

News of the Brazilian civil war has reached us from Rio Grande do Sul, that Bage, the most important inland town of the province, has been captured by the insurgents after a siege of a month's duration. The bombardment of Rio de Janeiro by the insurgent fleet still continues.

A large number of the Spanish troops now at Melilla are to return immediately to Spain; but the garrison of the place is to be maintained at about 10,000 men, pending the return of Marshal Campos's special mission to the city of Morocco.

The latest reports of the Matabili War, both from native sources and from officials of the South Africa Company, are that a portion of Major Wilson's force, after the encounter with Lo Bengula's men on the Shangani, escaped in the direction of Hartley Hill, a place about 110 miles distant. It is believed, however, by some of the natives at Palapye, that Major Wilson and his comrades were surrounded and killed. News of their fate is anxiously expected.

In German West Africa there was a mutinous outbreak of Dahomeyan soldiers at Jossjlatte, the capital of the Cameroons, on Dec. 15. It appears that the mutineers were not driven out till Dec. 21. They took refuge in the bush.

The Victoria Cross has been conferred on Surgeon-Major Owen E. P. Lloyd for conspicuous bravery during the attack by the Kachins on the Sima Post in the Burmese frontier region, which took place a twelvemonth ago.

The Egyptian Government has appointed three natives as members of the municipal council of Alexandria in place of three Europeans, who lately retired at the expiration of their term of office. Dissatisfaction is felt among the remaining European members, owing to the fact of Mr. Carver, an English merchant, not having been re-elected. On the other hand, the native inhabitants of Alexandria number 24,000, and the municipality consists of twenty-eight members, of whom twenty are Europeans and eight natives.

The presence of three foreign war-ships in the Hooghly, the port of Calcutta, with the discussion of naval questions in the home Press, has attracted attention to the weakness of the British squadron in Indian waters. If a first-class cruiser be not available it is thought that the Admiralty should at least lose no time in sending a modern second-class cruiser to replace the obsolete flag-ship Boadicea.

Political feeling rose so high on the reassembling of the Japanese Parliament on Dec. 29, after the recess, that the Government first prorogued and subsequently dissolved Parliament. A very angry election campaign is anticipated.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

Peace has suddenly descended into the troubled arena of politics, and the Fairy Compromise has come to the aid of Mr. Fowler, turning the pumpkin of Parliamentary procedure into a beautiful coach-and-six, in which the Cinderella Bill of the Local Government Board will drive gaily to the House of Lords. At least, that is the poetical way in which Sir Donald Macfarlane (probably under the influence of his new knighthood) is reported to have put the case. Clause 19 had been resisted with desperate energy. Mr. Balfour made a final attack upon it, prophesying the most lamentable results from the importation into the measure of a clause which had nothing whatever to do with it. That was on the Friday, and on the Monday following Mr. Gladstone announced that owing to a private arrangement between the two front benches the Bill would be read a third time by Jan. 19. The Radicals who had looked for the closure, and the Tories who had expected to be still pegging away by the end of January, and then to have all the obnoxious features of the Bill removed by the Lords, were equally taken aback. What had the Government conceded to get these terms from Mr. Balfour? Though no specific statement has been made in the House, it appears that Ministers accept the principle of co-opted guardians, to the maximum number of four, who may be imported into a parish council if the elected majority wish to have them; that parish rooms which have been for forty years in the possession of one religious denomination are to be treated as ecclesiastical charities; that allotments are to be limited to one acre of arable land and three of pasture, and that landowners are not to pay for improvements on land which has been hired compulsorily and then returned. The Radicals below the gangway grumble at the admission of the non-elective guardians and the limitations of the tilled allotment to one acre. The Tory malcontents grumble at the whole business. Mr. Hanbury is said to have sworn that he will recognise no compromise. Mr. Whitmore flatly declared to the House that he knew nothing about any compromise, and should not abide by any such agreement. Sir Charles Dilke, taking high constitutional ground, maintained that a compromise could bind only the leaders who made it and not the House or any individual member. Nevertheless, a change came over the spirit of debate. Six clauses were rattled through in one evening, and Mr. Fowler threatened once to have the compromise revised if gentlemen opposite persisted in talking. This did not deter Mr. Bartley from averring, in that familiar style of his which makes one assertion do duty for an entire speech, that elective guardians, the ballot, and the abolition of plural voting would lead in London to the debauchery of the electorate by outdoor relief.

Most of the celerity of this progress is due to the energy of Sir Julian Goldsmid, who has conducted a good deal of the business in Mr. Mellor's absence. Sir Julian Goldsmid is an admirable justification of a favourite boast of the Commons that when one of their members, however strong a party man, takes the Chair, he immediately becomes a model of impartiality. Mr. Mellor is impartial, but he is not strong. Sir Julian has a determination which brooks no opposition to his ruling. Members who have got into the pleasant habit of arguing with Mr. Mellor are put down by his deputy without the smallest ceremony. Sir Julian Goldsmid is a political follower of Mr. Chamberlain, but he called his chief to order with inflexible sternness. As for the little band of Conservatives who usually follow the lead of Mr. Hanbury, they were prostrated in the dust by this implacable Chairman. The greatest surprise, however, befell that ornament of the Radical benches, Mr. Alpheus Cleophas Morton. He proposed to move a little amendment. "The honourable member is out of order," said the Chairman, with unsparing promptitude. Mr. Morton explained that he had consulted Mr. Mellor, who had told him the amendment was in order. This seemed a poser for Sir Julian, but he rose to the emergency without hesitation: "The Chairman of Committees cannot be expected to see at once all the objections to an amendment." Mr. Morton sat in speechless dismay, and the House burst into appreciative mirth. However democratic her Majesty's Commons may be, they like to be ruled by a strong hand in the Chair. The Speaker has strength and unimpeachable fairness, and it is Sir Julian Goldsmid's exhibition of the same high qualities which makes both sides thoroughly amenable to his rigorous discipline.

There have been three noteworthy displays from the Treasury bench. One was furnished by Sir John Rigby, who informed a puzzled House that in his capacity as a German prince the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was not a British subject, but that he enjoyed this distinction in his capacity as a private citizen. This lucid explanation produced pretty general bewilderment not unmingled with levity, but it seemed to give unqualified satisfaction to Mr. Gladstone, who is fighting for the Duke's ten thousand a year with even more tenacity and vehemence than he showed in the Home Rule debates. It was the privilege and the pride of the House of Commons to congratulate the Prime Minister on his eighty-fourth birthday—a ceremony performed by Mr. Balfour with great felicity. And of striking though very different interest was the entertainment provided by Sir William Harcourt. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had the misfortune to leave the impression during the debate on the Navy that he was quoting the opinion of the Naval Lords of the Admiralty in support of the theory that our present maritime strength is adequate to the present needs. It turned out that Sir William had inadvertently overdone his authority, and he was obliged to fence with the members of the Opposition who wanted to know precisely what the Naval Lords did tell him. The scene was a characteristic exhibition of a miscellaneous personality.

PERSONAL.

Princess Elisabeth of Bavaria, who lately married a young officer, the Baron von Siefried, in opposition to the parental wishes, seems to have caused a pretty scare among the pillars of the "Almanach de Gotha." To break off her relations with the Baron, her parents took her to Italy; but on the way she suddenly disappeared, joined her lover at Geneva, and fled with him to some corner in Switzerland where they could not be traced. This caused a terrific commotion in what Jeames calls the "hupper suckles" of Bavaria, and it is not improbable that several Court chamberlains and ancient duennas have actually died of the shock. To the world which does not live on etiquette, the runaway Princess is the most interesting figure Bavaria has produced for years. She has done marvels for that element of romance which, as a rule, is sadly lacking in royal marriages, and which makes dynasties passably human when it gets the chance. Bavaria has had a ruler who went mad about music and drowned himself, but an eloping lady is more romantic than a lunatic prince.

It will interest the admirers of Dickens to know that one of his grandsons has just entered the Navy. This is Gerald Charles Dickens, second son of Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, Q.C. The boy, who is in his thirteenth year, has passed the usual examination well up in the list. By-the-way, all the grandsons of Dickens bear the name of Charles, which is affectionately preserved in the family.

The Mayor of Rochdale appears to have celebrated the end of his term of office by a touching tribute to the local Press. He presented every reporter with a "fountain pen," which, we have no doubt, has an inexhaustible flow of ink whenever the donor is on his legs. There are public men who have no great fondness for reporters. Even members of the House of Lords have been known to complain that they were peremptorily dismissed in the Parliamentary reports with the phrase, "After a few remarks from Lord Fitzblank." Evidently this is not the method pursued by the vigilant chroniclers of the official wit and wisdom of Rochdale. And now, armed with "fountain pens," they will follow the eloquence of the late Mayor as swiftly as the herald Mercury skims the peaks before lighting on "a heaven-kissing hill." The hint ought not to be lost on some members of the House of Commons.

Sir Leonard Lyell, one of the two New Year Baronets, represents Orkney and Shetland in the House of Commons, but to a great many people who are not keen politicians, his name has a more interesting association. He is the nephew of the late Sir Charles Lyell, one of the great ornaments of scientific research in this century. Sir Charles's baronetcy died with him, but his family estate of Kinnordy passed to Mr. Leonard



Photo by Russell and Sons.
SIR LEONARD LYLELL, BART, M.P.

Lyell, in whom the title is now revived. Sir Leonard has displayed some of his distinguished uncle's talent for science. He was educated at the Universities of Berlin and London, and for some time he was Professor of Natural Science at the University College of Wales. Politics proved, however, more attractive than scientific pursuits, and in the House of Commons the new Baronet has been one of the staunchest of Mr. Gladstone's supporters.

Those who anticipated that the church of St. Paul, Walworth, might once more pass into the hands of an extreme High Churchman are doomed to disappointment. The Bishop of Rochester has just selected for the vacant living the Rev. Canon Quirk, Vicar of St. Mary's, Beverley, who is known throughout Yorkshire for his firm adhesion to Evangelical principles. He is not, however, in any sense a narrow-minded party man, and he may be trusted to carry on the work at Walworth on much the same lines as those so successfully followed by the late Rev. E. F. Alexander and his successor, the Rev. H. C. Simpkinson. Canon Quirk, who graduated at Cambridge (Junior Optime) in 1873, has had no experience of London work, but he has an excellent reputation in the North as a hard worker, a successful organiser, and a forcible and plain-spoken preacher. He held his curacies at Bridgnorth and Doncaster. In 1881 he went to the Isle of Man as Vicar of St. Thomas's, Douglas, but he returned to Yorkshire the following year, when he was appointed to the important Vicarage of Rotherham; and in recognition of his ministerial labours there the late Archbishop Thomson, in 1888, gave him an Honorary Canon's stall in York Minster. He went to St. Mary's, Beverley, in 1889. There are many interesting associations connected with St. Mary's, but there is hardly sufficient scope for a man of Canon Quirk's activity, and in 1891 he arranged an exchange with the Vicar of Scarborough, who is also Suffragan Bishop of Hull. Before it could be carried out, however, Archbishop Magee died, and the present Archbishop, Dr. MacLagan, preferred that the matter should not be further proceeded with. Canon Quirk now leaves a parish with a population of 7028 for a densely crowded one containing some 17,000 souls, and almost daily being added to. He is essentially a parochial clergyman, and has never courted outside popularity. He made a practical, common-sense speech on betting and gambling (in which,

by-the-bye, he denounced raffling at Church bazaars) at the Hull Church Congress, but then, that was almost a local event.

Sir Theodore Fry, who is the other New Year Baronet, is an ironfounder of Darlington, which constituency he represents in Parliament. He is a cousin of Sir Edward Fry and of Mr. Lewis Fry, who in the last Parliament sat for one of the divisions of Bristol in the Unionist interest. The Fry family, which has considerable ramifications in law and commerce, inherits the Quaker traditions associated with Elizabeth Fry, but shows marked diversity of political opinion. Sir Theodore is a native of Bristol, is connected by marriage with the Peases of Darlington, and is the head of the firm of Fry, P'Anson, and Co. He has been Mayor of Darlington, is a J.P. of the county of Durham, and has followed Mr. Gladstone's fortunes with unswerving zeal and fidelity.



Photo by Russell and Sons.
SIR THEODORE FRY, BART, M.P.

Lord Sandford, of Sandford, who has died at the age of sixty-nine, was the typical organiser of the Civil Service. His distinction was perhaps better appreciated by the Ministers in several Governments than by the public at large, who see nothing of the inner working of the great departments. It was the special duty of Sir Francis Sandford in the heyday of his labours to master the details of several public offices, and adjust their machinery to the special needs of the time. He was associated in this way with the Colonial Office, the Education Office, and the Scotch Secretary's Office. His chief work was the organisation which set Mr. Forster's Education Act in practical motion, an enterprise which demanded fine engineering, and a great knowledge of men as well as of business. To overcome the extraordinary difficulties which beset the practical application of that great measure was a signal triumph. The Scotch Secretary's department was organised by Sir Francis Sandford, who was made Under-Secretary for the purpose. His skill and experience were highly appreciated by the leaders of both parties, and his retirement from the service in 1891 was naturally accompanied by his elevation to the peerage.

In Emmanuel Chabrier, the composer of "Gwendoline," an opera lately presented at the Paris Opéra, French musicians look forward to greeting, if not a new Gounod, at least another Wagner. By birth an Auvergnat, he spent his youth in one of the Paris public offices, but even in those early days his strong artistic tendencies made themselves felt, and he was a familiar figure in the studios and Bohemian literary salons. Among those who most encouraged him was the mother of Paul Verlaine; by her he was introduced to François Coppée, Stéphane Mallarmé, Catulle Mendès, and last, but not least, her own gifted son. The verses of these poets, especially those of Catulle Mendès, often inspired him in his compositions, and, long before he ever thought of devoting himself seriously to music, he had written an opéra bouffe, "Vaucochard," the libretto of which was by the author of "Sagesse." A small legacy at last enabled Chabrier to carry out his desire for freedom; he threw up his clerkship, and gave himself entirely up to musical studies. Some idea of his determination and energy may be gathered by the statement that he once copied out the whole of "Tristan und Isolde" in order to understand Wagner's methods of composition. "Gwendoline" was first presented, with great success, in Belgium, and M. Chabrier is now working hard at an opera which is said to deal with the story of Abelard and Heloise.

The regret at the loss of Henry Pettitt, the dramatist, has been universal and sincere. It is a difficult task in these days of feverish competition for a man situated



Photo by Samuel A. Walker, Regent Street.
THE LATE MR. HENRY PETTITT.

and surrounded as this good fellow was, to avoid making enemies. But there were no old scores to wipe out when this affectionate, generous, and gentle-natured man passed away, all too soon, from the loyal comrades who looked upon him as a brother and a friend. His career was a singularly interesting one. Self-educated, he became in time the educator of others. He started life as a clerk, developed into a schoolmaster, drifted on to the stage as an actor, and became the most successful dramatist of

his time. A man of his energetic temperament of course was fired with ambition. He longed to write a literary play that was worth printing, he pined to be a poet, he often cheerily complained that he was marked out by destiny to write melodramas. Probably destiny was right and poor Harry Pettitt wrong. His comedies might have failed, his poems might have found their way to the four-penny box at the bookstalls; but his melodramas were by far the best of their kind since the days of Boucicault and Charles Reade, and while many of his contemporaries were struggling on to make a competency by literature and journalism, the lucky dramatic author, when once in the swim, managed to amass in a few years a fortune of some £45,000, which before his death he carefully settled on all those who were dependent on him and had been good and dear to him in life. Of Henry Pettitt there was no need to say "De mortuis nil nisi bonum." No one ever dreamed of saying anything but what was good of him when he was alive.

Mounet-Sully, the well-known *sociétaire* of the Comédie Française, is about to follow the example of Coquelin by making an extensive professional tour through Europe and America. Although he will have to plead guilty next month to fifty-four years of age, the French Hamlet still preserves an extraordinary air of youth and vigour, both on and off the stage. Had his family been willing, M. Mounet-Sully might have begun life as an infant prodigy, for at the age of five he already betrayed distinct histrionic ability; but, far from encouraging their son's gift, his parents refused to allow him to study with a view to the theatre, and he was already one-and-twenty when he entered the Conservatoire and joined Bressant's class. Four years later he was awarded the first prize for tragedy, and made his début at the Odéon. During the Franco-German War, M. Mounet-Sully joined the Mables, and fought with such bravery that his superior officers counselled him to give up the theatre for the army, but in the spring of 1872 he was offered a place among the pensionnaires of the Théâtre Français, and in July of the same year made a considerable sensation by the way in which he interpreted Orestes. He was elected *sociétaire* in 1874, and has since held a considerable position in the Maison de Molière, where, though his eccentricities are smiled at by his more practical comrades, he is both liked and respected. His greatest rôles have been Francis I. in Hugo's "Le Roi s'Amuse," "Edipus," "Hamlet," and Didier in "Marion Delorme." In addition to his other talents, M. Sully possesses that of a lecturer, and at one time his chats on contemporary poets and poetry were much attended by fashionable Paris.

The Professor of Botany at King's College, London, formerly lecturer on that science in the medical schools of

the London, the Middlesex, and St. Mary's Hospitals, Mr. Robert Bentley, has died amidst tokens of high esteem deserved by a life of constant usefulness, both as the teacher of innumerable pupils and as an original scientific investigator of pharmaceuticals and therapeutics, besides manifold contributions to the literature of botany, especially with reference to its practical applications to medicine. He was born at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, in 1825, was educated for the profession, and became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1847, but we believe that he did not enter into practice as a surgeon. Among the many appointments held by Mr. Bentley at one time or another were also the botanical professorships at the London Institution, the Pharmaceutical Society, the Royal Veterinary College, and the editorship of the *Pharmaceutical Journal*. His small book, "A Manual of Botany," which is one of the best popular text-books introductory to that delightful study, is more widely known to general readers than his special treatises, reports, and lectures upon the applications of botanical knowledge in medicine and in the arts. Of these, one is devoted to the properties of the eucalyptus. One of the last of his works of this kind was the editing, jointly with Professors Redwood and Atfield, of "The British Pharmacopœia" of 1885, which is still the official standard for all medicinal preparations recognised by the Medical Council.

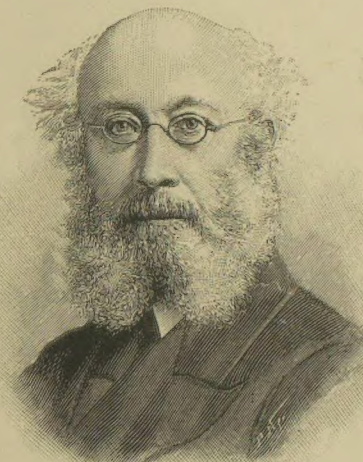
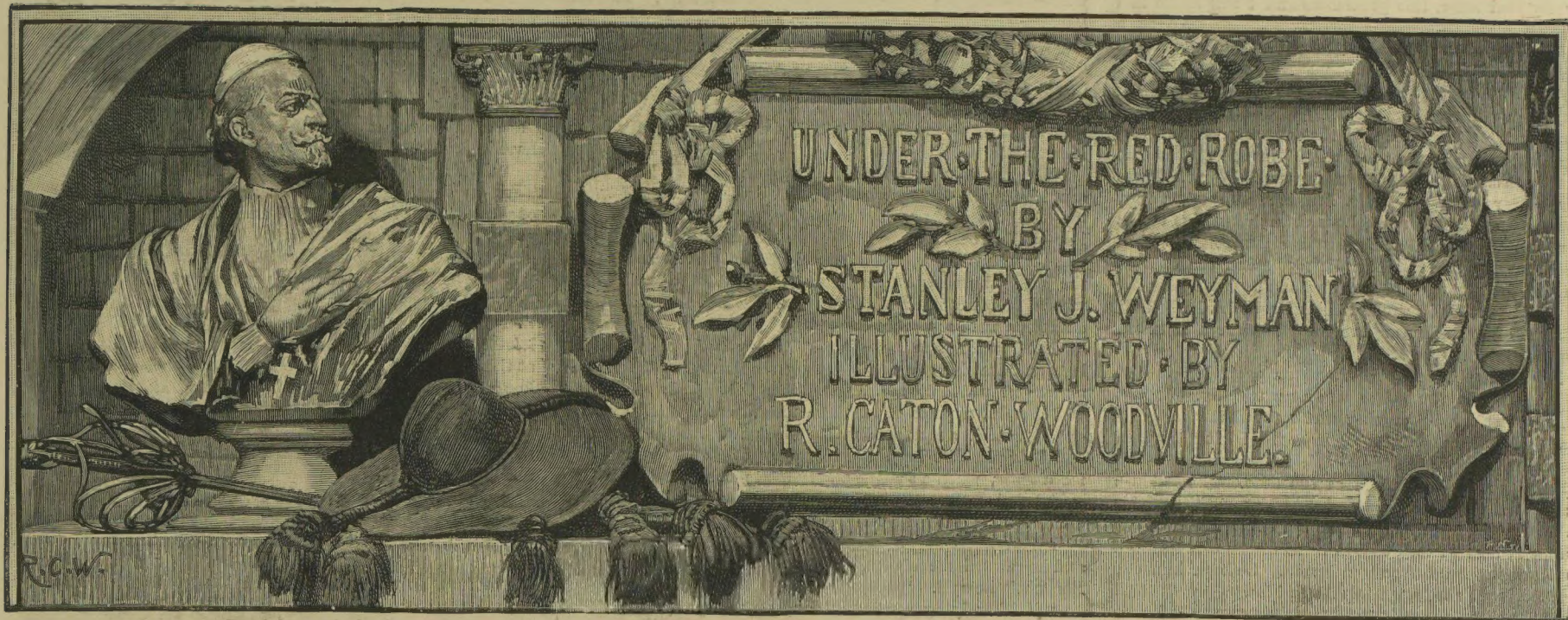


Photo by Martin and Eathorne, Strand.
THE LATE PROFESSOR ROBERT BENTLEY.

A sprightly journalist in Paris has been telling his readers how the Londoners spent Boxing Day. On Christmas Day they ate plum-pudding steadily, and washed it down with gin, which appears to be our national beverage. Next day, still flushed with their potations, they flocked to the theatres to see the pantomimes. Some applauded and some dissented, and the differences of opinion led to personal encounters, which were continued in the streets and prolonged through the night. The literal truth of this description will be recognised by everybody, and it is only fair to supply a companion picture of Paris. On New Year's Day, which, as all the world knows, is a great festival in that city, the leaders of fashion and the principal representatives of politics, art, and literature filled the cafés on the Boulevards, drank prodigious quantities of absinthe, and then, forming lines across the streets, danced all the way to the Moulin Rouge, where they spent a jovial time till dawn. Everyone who is familiar with Paris will at once admit the accuracy of this sketch of Parisian manners and customs.



THE FIRST SLIDE.



CHAPTER I.
AT ZATON'S.

"MARKED CARDS!"

There were a score round us when the fool, little knowing the man with whom he had to deal, and as little how to lose like a gentleman, flung the words in my teeth. He thought, I'll be sworn, that I should storm and swear and ruffle it like any common cock of the hackle. But that was never Gil de Berault's way. For a few seconds after he had spoken I did not even look at him. I passed my eye instead—smiling, *bien entendu*—round the ring of waiting faces, saw that there was no one except De Pombal I had cause to fear; and then at last I rose and looked at the fool with the grim face I have known impose on older and wiser men.

"Marked cards, M. l'Anglais?" I said, with a chilling sneer. "They are used, I am told, to trap players—not unbirched schoolboys."

"Yet I say that they are marked!" he replied hotly, in his queer foreign jargon. "In my last hand I had nothing. You doubled the stakes. Bah, Sir, you knew! You have swindled me!"

"Monsieur is easy to swindle—when he plays with a mirror behind him," I answered tartly. And at that there was a great roar of laughter, which might have been heard in the street, and which brought to the table everyone in the eating-house whom his violence had not already attracted. But I did not relax my face. I waited until all was quiet again, and then waving aside two or three who stood between us and the entrance, I pointed gravely to the door. "There is a little space behind the church of St. Jacques, M. l'Etranger," I said, putting on my hat and taking my cloak on my arm. "Doubtless you will accompany me thither?"

He snatched up his hat, his face burning with shame and rage. "With pleasure!" he blurted out. "To the devil, if you like!"

I thought the matter arranged, when the Marquis laid his hand on the young fellow's arm and checked him. "This must not be," he said, turning from him to me with his grand fine-gentleman's air. "You know me, M. de Berault. This matter has gone far enough."

"Too far! M. de Pombal," I answered bitterly. "Still, if you wish to take the gentleman's place, I shall raise no objection."

"Chut, man!" he retorted, shrugging his shoulders negligently. "I know you, and I do not fight with men of your stamp. Nor need this gentleman."

"Undoubtedly," I replied, bowing low, "if he prefers to be caned in the streets."

That stung the Marquis. "Have a care! have a care!" he cried hotly. "You go too far, M. Berault."

"De Berault, if you please," I objected,

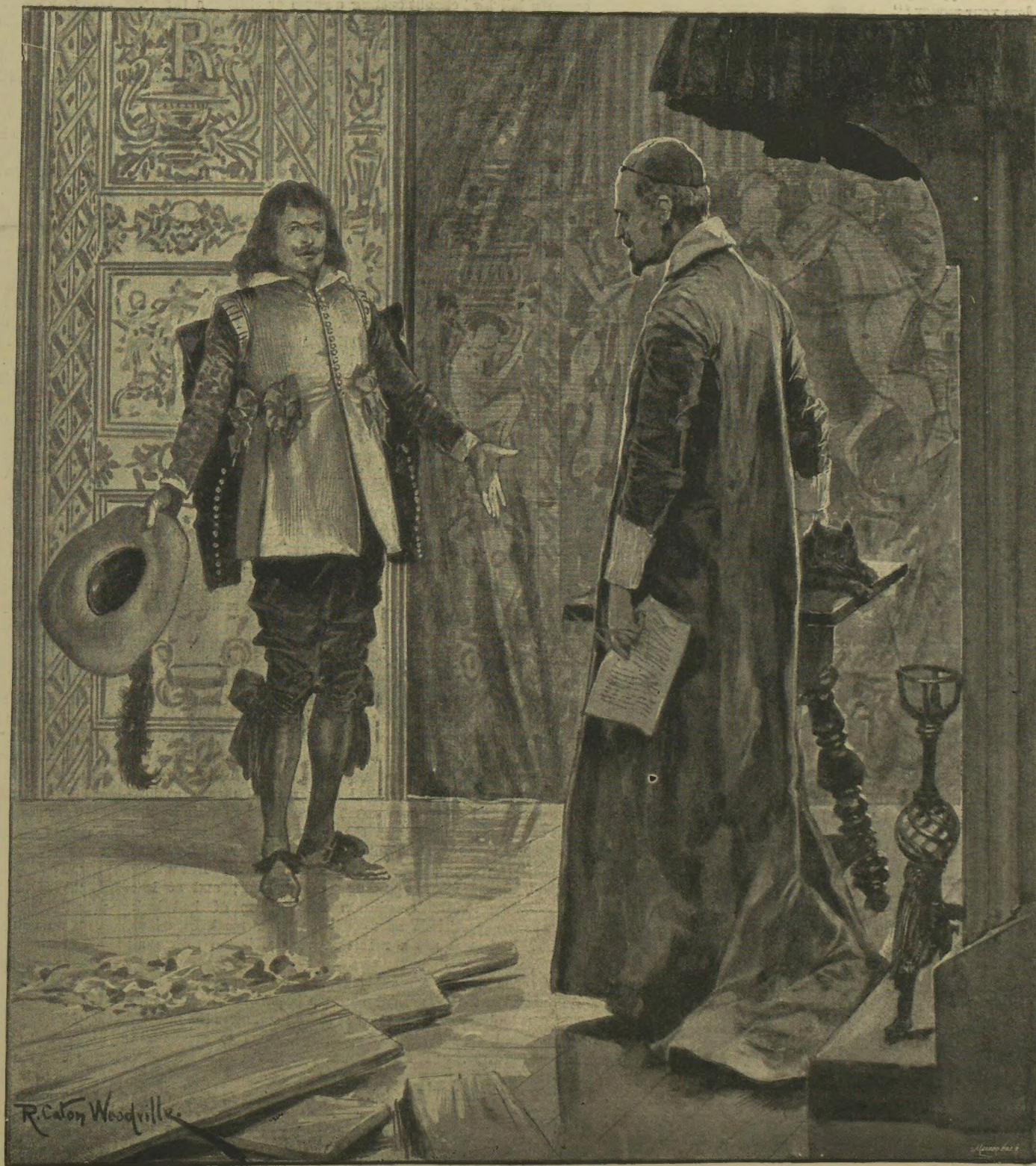
eyeing him sternly. "My family has borne the *de* as long as yours, M. de Pombal."

He could not deny that, and he answered, "As you please"; at the same time restraining his friend by a gesture. "But none the less, take my advice," he continued. "The Cardinal has forbidden duelling, and this time he means it! You have been in trouble once and gone free. A second time it may fare worse with you. Let this gentleman go, there-

fore, M. de Berault. Besides—why, shame upon you, man!" he exclaimed hotly; "he is but a lad!"

Two or three who stood behind me applauded that. But I turned and they met my eye; and they were as mum as mice. "His age is his own concern," I said grimly. "He was old enough a while ago to insult me."

"And I will prove my words!" the lad cried, exploding at last. He had spirit enough, and the Marquis had had hard



"Monseigneur will not be too hard on the failings of a poor gentleman."

work to restrain him so long. "You do me no service, M. de Pombal," he continued, pettishly shaking off his friend's hand. "By your leave, this gentleman and I will settle this matter."

"That is better," I said, nodding drily, while the Marquis stood aside, frowning and baffled. "Permit me to lead the way."

Zaton's eating-house stands scarcely a hundred paces from St. Jacques la Boucherie, and half the company went thither with us. The evening was wet, the light in the streets was waning, the streets themselves were dirty and slippery. There were few passers in the Rue St. Antoine; and our party, which earlier in the day must have attracted notice and a crowd, crossed unmarked, and entered without interruption the paved triangle which lies immediately behind the church. I saw in the distance one of the Cardinal's guard loitering in front of the scaffolding round the new Hôtel Richelieu; and the sight of the uniform gave me pause for a moment. But it was too late to repent.

The Englishman began at once to strip off his clothes. I closed mine to the throat, for the air was chilly. At that moment, while we stood preparing and most of the company seemed a little inclined to stand off from me, I felt a hand on my arm, and, turning, saw the dwarfish tailor at whose house in the Rue Savonnerie I lodged at the time. The fellow's presence was unwelcome, to say the least of it; and though for want of better company I had sometimes encouraged him to be free with me at home, I took that to be no reason why I should be plagued with him before gentlemen. I shook him off, therefore, hoping by a frown to silence him.

He was not to be so easily put down, however. And perforce I had to speak to him. "Afterwards, afterwards," I said. "I am engaged now."

"For God's sake, don't, Sir!" was the poor fool's answer. "Don't do it! You will bring a curse on the house. He is but a lad, and—"

"You, too!" I exclaimed, losing patience. "Be silent, you scum! What do you know about gentlemen's quarrels? Leave me; do you hear?"

"But the Cardinal!" he cried in a quavering voice. "The Cardinal, M. de Berault? The last man you killed is not forgotten yet. This time he will be sure to—"

"Do you hear?" I hissed. The fellow's impudence passed all bounds. It was as bad as his croaking. "Begone!" I said. "I suppose you are afraid he will kill me, and you will lose your money?"

Frison fell back at that almost as if I had struck him; and I turned to my adversary, who had been awaiting my motions with impatience. God knows he did look young; as he stood with his head bare and his fair hair drooping over his smooth woman's forehead—a mere lad fresh from the College of Burgundy, if they have such a thing in England. I felt a sudden chill as I looked at him: a qualm, a tremor, a presentiment. What was it the little tailor had said? That I should—but there, he did not know. What did he know of such things? If I let this pass I must kill a man a day, or leave Paris and the eating-house, and starve.

"A thousand pardons," I said gravely, as I drew and took my place. "A dun. I am sorry that the poor devil caught me so inopportunely. Now, however, I am at your service."

He saluted, and we crossed swords and began. But from the first I had no doubt what the result would be. The slippery stones and fading light gave him, it is true, some chance, some advantage, more than he deserved; but I had no sooner felt his blade than I knew that he was no swordsman. Possibly he had taken half-a-dozen lessons in rapier art, and practised what he learned with an Englishman as heavy and awkward as himself. But that was all. He made a few wild clumsy rushes, parrying widely. When I had foiled these, the danger was over, and I held him at my mercy.

I played with him a little while, watching the sweat gather on his brow, and the shadow of the church-tower fall deeper and darker, like the shadow of doom, on his face. Not out of cruelty—God knows I have never erred in that direction!—but because, for the first time in my life, I felt a strange reluctance to strike the blow. The curls clung to his forehead; his breath came and went in gasps; I heard the men behind me murmur, and one or two of them drop an oath; and then I slipped—slipped, and was down in a moment on my right side, my elbow striking the pavement so sharply that the arm grew numb to the wrist.

He held off! I heard a dozen voices cry, "Now! now you have him!" But he held off. He stood back and waited with his breast heaving and his point lowered, until I had risen and stood again on my guard.

"Enough! enough!" a rough voice behind me cried. "Don't hurt the man, after that."

"On guard, Sir!" I answered coldly—for he seemed to waver. "It was an accident. It shall not avail you again."

Several voices cried "Shame!" and one, "You coward!" But the Englishman stepped forward, a fixed look in his blue eyes. He took his place without a word. I read in his drawn white face that he had made up his mind to the worst, and his courage won my admiration. I would gladly and thankfully have set one of the lookers-on—any of the lookers-on—in his place; but that could not be. So I thought of Zaton's closed to me, of Pombal's insult, of the sneers and slights I had long kept at the sword's point; and, pressing him suddenly in a heat of affected anger, I thrust strongly over his guard, which had grown feeble, and ran him through the chest.

When I saw him lying, laid out on the stones with his eyes half shut, and his face glimmering white in the dusk—not that I saw him thus long, for there were a dozen kneeling round him in a twinkling—I felt an unwonted pang. It passed, however, in a moment. For I found myself confronted by a ring of angry faces—of men who, keeping at a distance, hissed and threatened me.

They were mostly canaille, who had gathered during the

fight, and had viewed all that passed from the farther side of the railings. While some snarled and raged at me like wolves, calling me "Butcher!" and "Cut-throat!" and the like, or cried out that Berault was at his trade again, others threatened me with the vengeance of the Cardinal, flung the edict in my teeth, and said with glee that the guard were coming—they would see me hanged yet.

"His blood is on your head!" one cried furiously. "He will be dead in an hour. And you will swing for him! Hurrah!"

"Begone to your kennel!" I answered, with a look which sent him a yard backwards, though the railings were between us. And I wiped my blade carefully, standing a little apart. For—well, I could understand it—it was one of those moments when a man is not popular. Those who had come with me from the eating-house eyed me askance, and turned their backs when I drew nearer; and those who had joined us and obtained admission were scarcely more polite.

But I was not to be outdone in *sangfroid*. I cocked my hat, and drawing my cloak over my shoulders, went out with a swagger which drove the curs from the gate before I came within a dozen paces of it. The rascals outside fell back as quickly, and in a moment I was in the street. Another moment and I should have been clear of the place and free to lie by for a while, when a sudden scurry took place round me. The crowd fled every way into the gloom, and in a hand-turn a dozen of the Cardinal's guard closed round me.

I had some acquaintance with the officer in command, and he saluted me civilly. "This is a bad business, M. de Berault," he said. "The man is dead they tell me."

"Neither dying nor dead," I answered lightly. "If that be all you may go home again."

"With you," he replied, with a grin, "certainly. And as it rains, the sooner the better. I must ask you for your sword, I am afraid."

"Take it," I said, with the philosophy which never deserts me. "But the man will not die."

"I hope that may avail you," he answered in a tone I did not like. "Left wheel, my friends! To the Châtelet! March!"

"There are worse places," I said, and resigned myself to fate. After all, I had been in prison before, and learned that only one jail lets no prisoner escape.

But when I found that my friend's orders were to hand me over to the watch, and that I was to be confined like any common jail bird caught cutting a purse or slitting a throat, I confess my heart sank. If I could get speech with the Cardinal, all would probably be well; but if I failed in this, or if the case came before him in strange guise, or he were in a hard mood himself, then it might go ill with me. The edict said, death!

And the lieutenant at the Châtelet did not put himself to much trouble to hearten me. "What! again, M. de Berault?" he said, raising his eyebrows as he received me at the gate, and recognised me by the light of the brazier which his men were just kindling outside. "You are a very bold man, Sir, or a very foolhardy one, to come here again. The old business, I suppose?"

"Yes, but he is not dead," I answered coolly. "He has a trifle—a mere scratch. It was behind the church of St. Jacques."

"He looked dead enough," my friend the guardsman interposed. He had not yet gone.

"Bah!" I answered scornfully. "Have you ever known me make a mistake? When I kill a man I kill him. I put myself to pains, I tell you, not to kill this Englishman. Therefore he will live."

"I hope so," the lieutenant said, with a dry smile. "And you had better hope so, too, M. de Berault. For if not—"

"Well?" I said, somewhat troubled. "If not, what, my friend?"

"I fear he will be the last man you will fight," he answered. "And even if he lives, I would not be too sure, my friend. This time the Cardinal is determined to put it down."

"He and I are old friends," I said confidently.

"So I have heard," he answered, with a short laugh. "I think the same was said of Chalais. I do not remember that it saved his head."

This was not reassuring. But worse was to come. Early in the morning orders were received that I should be treated with especial strictness, and I was given the choice between irons and one of the cells below the level. Choosing the latter, I was left to reflect upon many things; among others, on the queer and uncertain nature of the Cardinal, who loved, I knew, to play with a man as a cat with a mouse; and on the ill effects which sometimes attend a high chest-thrust however carefully delivered. I only rescued myself at last from these and other unpleasant reflections by obtaining the loan of a pair of dice; and the light being just enough to enable me to reckon the throws, I amused myself for hours by casting them on certain principles of my own. But a long run again and again upset my calculations; and at last brought me to the conclusion that a run of bad luck may be so persistent as to see out the most sagacious player. This was not a reflection very welcome to me at the moment.

Nevertheless, for three days it was all the company I had. At the end of that time the knave of a jailer who attended me, and who had never grown tired of telling me, after the fashion of his kind, that I should be hanged, came to me with a less assured air. "Perhaps you would like a little water?" he said civilly.

"Why, rascal?" I asked.

"To wash with," he answered.

"I asked for some yesterday, and you would not bring it," I grumbled. "However, better late than never. Bring it now. If I must hang, I will hang like a gentleman. But,

depend upon it, the Cardinal will not serve an old friend so scurvily a trick."

"You are to go to him," he answered, when he came back with the water.

"What? To the Cardinal?" I cried.

"Yes," he answered.

"Good!" I exclaimed; and in my joy I sprang up at once, and began to refresh my dress. "So all this time I have been doing him an injustice. *Vive Monseigneur!* I might have known it."

"Don't make too sure!" the man answered spitefully. Then he went on: "I have something-else for you. A friend of yours left it at the gate," he added. And he handed me a packet.

"Quite so!" I said, reading his rascally face aright. "And you kept it as long as you dared—as long as you thought I should hang, you knave! Was not that so? But there, do not lie to me. Tell me instead which of my friends left it." For, to confess the truth, I had not so many friends at this time; and ten good crowns—the packet contained no less a sum—argued a pretty staunch friend and one of whom a man might be proud.

The knave sniggered maliciously. "A crooked dwarfish man left it," he said. "I doubt I might call him a tailor and not be far out."

"Chut!" I answered—but I was a little out of countenance. "I understand. An honest fellow enough, and in debt to me! I am glad he remembered. But when am I to go, friend?"

"In an hour," he answered sullenly. Doubtless he had looked to get one of the crowns; but I was too old a hand for that. If I came back I could buy his services; and if I did not I should have wasted my money.

Nevertheless, a little later, when I found myself on my way to the Hôtel Richelieu under so close a guard that I could see nothing except the figures that immediately surrounded me, I wished I had given him the money. At such times, when all hangs in the balance and the sky is overcast, the mind runs on luck and old superstitions, and is prone to think a crown given here may avail there—though there be a hundred leagues away.

The Palais Richelieu was at this time in building, and we were required to wait in a long, bare gallery, where the masons were at work. I was kept a full hour here, pondering uncomfortably on the strange whims and fancies of the great man who then ruled France as the King's Lieutenant-General, with all the King's powers; and whose life I had once been the means of saving by a little timely information. On occasion he had done something to wipe out the debt; and at other times he had permitted me to be free with him. We were not unknown to one another, therefore.

Nevertheless when the doors were at last thrown open, and I was led into his presence, my confidence underwent a shock. His cold glance, that, roving over me, regarded me not as a man but an item, the steely glitter of his southern eyes, chilled me to the bone. The room was bare, the floor without carpet or covering. Some of the woodwork lay about, unfinished and in pieces. But the man—this man, needed no surroundings. His keen pale face, his brilliant eyes, even his presence—though he was of no great height and began already to stoop at the shoulders—were enough to awe the boldest. I recalled as I looked at him a hundred tales of his iron will, his cold heart, his unerring craft. He had humbled the King's brother, the splendid Duke of Orleans, in the dust. He had curbed the Queen-mother. A dozen heads, the noblest in France, had come to the block through him. Only two years before he had quelled Rochelle; only a few months before he had crushed the great insurrection in Languedoc; and though the south, stripped of its old privileges, still seethed with discontent, no one in this year 1630 dared lift a hand against him—openly, at any rate. Under the surface a hundred plots, a thousand intrigues, sought his life or his power; but these, I suppose, are the hap of every great man.

No wonder, then, that the courage on which I plumed myself sank low at sight of him; or that it was as much as I could do to mingle with the humility of my salute some touch of the *sangfroid* of old acquaintanceship.

And perhaps that had been better left out. For this man was without bowels. For a moment, while he stood looking at me and before he spoke to me, I gave myself up for lost. There was a glint of cruel satisfaction in his eyes that warned me, before he spoke, what he was going to say to me.

"I could not have made a better catch, M. de Berault," he said, smiling villainously, while he gently smoothed the fur of a cat that had sprung on the table beside him. "An old offender and an excellent example. I doubt it will not stop with you. But later, we will make you the warrant for flying at higher game."

"Monseigneur has handled a sword himself," I blurted out. The very room seemed to be growing darker, the air colder. I was never nearer fear in my life.

"Yes?" he said, smiling delicately. "And so?"

"Will not be too hard on the failings of a poor gentleman."

"He shall suffer no more than a rich one," he replied suavely, as he stroked the cat. "Enjoy that satisfaction, M. de Berault. Is that all?"

"Once I was of service to your Eminence," I said desperately.

"Payment has been made," he answered, "more than once. But for that I should not have seen you, M. de Berault."

"The King's face!" I cried, snatching at the straw he seemed to hold out.

He laughed cynically, smoothly. His thin face, his dark moustache, and whitening hair, gave him an air of indescribable keenness. "I am not the King," he said. "Besides, I am told you have killed as many as six men in duels. You owe the King, therefore, one life at least. You must pay it."

There is no more to be said, M. de Berault," he continued coldly, turning away and beginning to collect some papers. "The law must take its course."

I thought he was about to nod to the lieutenant to withdraw me, and a chilling sweat broke out down my back. I saw the scaffold, I felt the cords. A moment, and it would be too late! "I have a favour to ask," I stammered desperately, "if your Eminence would give me a moment alone."

"To what end?" he answered, turning and eyeing me with cold disfavour. "I know you—your past—all. It can do no good, my friend."

"Nor harm!" I cried. "And I am a dying man, Monseigneur!"

"That is true," he said thoughtfully. Still he seemed to hesitate; and my heart beat fast. At last he looked at the lieutenant. "You may leave us," he said shortly. "Now," when the officer had withdrawn and left us alone,

"Pshaw! the trick is old. I have better spies than you, M. de Berault."

"But no better sword," I cried hoarsely. "No, not in all your guard!"

"That is true," he said. "That is true." To my surprise, he spoke in a tone of consideration; and he looked down at the floor. "Let me think, my friend," he continued.

He walked two or three times up and down the room, while I stood trembling. I confess it, trembling. The man whose pulses danger has no power to quicken, is seldom proof against suspense; and the sudden hope his words awakened in me so shook me that his figure, as he trod lightly to and fro, with the cat rubbing against his robe and turning time for time with him, wavered before my eyes. I grasped the table to steady myself. I had not admitted even in my own mind how darkly the shadow of Montfaucon and the gallows had fallen across me.

I had leisure to recover myself, for it was some time before

side with them to a man, and they are a dangerous breed. A spark might kindle a fresh rising. The arrest, therefore, must be made secretly."

I bowed.

"One resolute man inside the house, with the help of two or three servants whom he could summon to his aid at will, might effect it," the Cardinal continued, glancing at a paper which lay on the table. "The question is, will you be the man, my friend?"

I hesitated; then I bowed. What choice had I?

"Nay, nay, speak out!" he said sharply. "Yes or no, M. de Berault?"

"Yes, your Eminence," I said reluctantly. Again, I say, what choice had I?

"You will bring him to Paris, and alive. He knows things, and that is why I want him. You understand?"

"I understand, Monseigneur," I answered.

"You will get into the house as you can," he continued.



"Undoubtedly," I replied, "if he prefers to be caned in the streets."

"What is it? Say what you have to say quickly. And above all do not try to fool me, M. de Berault."

But his piercing eyes so disconcerted me that now I had my chance. I could not find a word to say, and stood before him mute. I think this pleased him, for his face relaxed.

"Well?" he said at last. "Is that all?"

"The man is not dead," I muttered.

He shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. "What of that?" he said. "That was not what you wanted to say to me."

"Once I saved your Eminence's life," I faltered, miserably,

"Admitted," he answered in his thin incisive voice. "You mentioned the fact before. On the other hand you have taken six to my knowledge, M. de Berault. You have lived the life of a bully, a common bravo, a gamester. You, a man of family! For shame! and it has brought you to this. Yet on that one point I am willing to hear more," he added abruptly.

"I might save your Eminence's life again," I cried. It was a sudden inspiration.

"You know something," he said quickly, fixing me with his eyes. "But no," he continued, shaking his head gently.

he spoke. When he did, it was in a voice harsh, changed, imperative. "You have the reputation of a man faithful, at least, to his employer," he said. "Do not answer me. I say it is so. Well, I will trust you. I will give you one more chance—though it is a desperate one. Woe to you if you fail me! Do you know Cocheforêt in Béarn? It is not far from Auch."

"No, your Eminence."

"Nor M. de Cocheforêt?"

"No, your Eminence."

"So much the better," he retorted. "But you have heard of him. He has been engaged in every Gascon plot since the late King's death, and gave me more trouble last year in the Vivarais than any man twice his years. At present he is at Bosost in Spain, with other refugees, but I have learned that at frequent intervals he visits his wife at Cocheforêt, which is six leagues within the border. On one of these visits he must be arrested."

"That should be easy," I said.

The Cardinal looked at me. "Tush, man! what do you know about it?" he answered bluntly. "It is whispered at Cocheforêt if a soldier crosses the street at Auch. In the house are only two or three servants, but they have the country-

"For that you will need strategy, and good strategy. They suspect everybody. You must deceive them. If you fail to deceive them, or, deceiving them, are found out later, M. de Berault—I do not think you will trouble me again, or break the edict a second time. On the other hand, should you deceive me"—he smiled still more subtly, but his voice sank to a purring note—"I will break you on the wheel like the ruined gamester you are!"

I met his look without quailing. "So be it!" I said, recklessly. "If I do not bring M. de Cocheforêt to Paris, you may do that to me, and more also!"

"It is a bargain!" he answered slowly. "I think you will be faithful. For money, here are a hundred crowns. That sum should suffice; but if you succeed you shall have twice as much more. Well, that is all, I think. You understand?"

"Yes, Monseigneur."

"Then why do you wait?"

"The lieutenant?" I said modestly.

Monseigneur laughed to himself, and sitting down wrote a word or two on a slip of paper. "Give him that," he said in high good-humour. "I fear, M. de Berault, you will never get your deserts—in this world!"

(To be continued.)



WATCH NIGHT.

Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.—TENNYSON.



1. A Street Scene.

2. Entrance to the Hall of the Thousand and One Pillars.

3. Caiques for Hire.

4. Place Stamboul and Rue Pera.

"CONSTANTINOPLE IN LONDON," AT OLYMPIA.

A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

Mr. Brander Matthews ought to be a proud man. He has written in the *Century* a paper about Mr. Andrew Lang—a very just and appreciative estimate in the English, not the American, language, as created by decree of the United States Congress in the last century. By some subtle process of telepathy Mr. Lang appears to have guessed what Mr. Matthews was at, and the result is that if you turn from the *Century* to *Blackwood* you will find Mr. Lang precisely verifying nearly everything Mr. Matthews says about him. For example, Mr. Lang (says his accomplished critic over the water) is an inveterate romanticist; and in his essay on "Ghosts Up to Date," in *Blackwood*, he gravely assures us that the use of phantoms is to preserve some corner of the universe in the interests of romance against the encroachments of science. Then Mr. Brander Matthews complains that Mr. Lang spoils himself as a story-teller by his refusal to take the business seriously. And behold through "Ghosts Up to Date" runs a vein of delightful fooling, although the writer is a professed believer in phantasms. As far as I can gather, he has never seen the ghost of any dead person, but he asserts sturdily enough that he has met a "double" of the living. "My own experience was simply seeing, and speaking to, a relation who was crossing a large and brilliantly lighted hall. The figure, that of a girl, was dressed in dark-blue serge. She did not answer. I entered the room she had that moment left, and there she was dressed for dinner, in white. By no conceivable possibility could there be a mistake in identity." There can be no question as to Mr. Lang's good faith. Yet upon the features of Mr. Brander Matthews's "double" who sits opposite to me at this moment, I perceive an elusive smile.

MYSELF.—How do you explain this?

THE DOUBLE OF B. M.—It is very simple, I think. Mr. Lang was much preoccupied by his relation just then. His mind was specially engrossed with the idea that she looked much better in blue than any other colour. That very morning, no doubt, she had worn blue serge, and he had mentally sworn that in that costume she was most agreeable. Hence the appearance of blue serge in the "brilliantly lighted hall" and the shock to his nerves to find her actually dressed in white.

Another mystery is partially unravelled in the month's reviews. Many people have been wondering who is "X" of the *Fortnightly*. Three articles signed "X" have appeared in that periodical. It is now clear that there are X X X, a fact which, despite the frequent allusions to Guinness, need not denote an emanation from that excellent company of brewers. A letter in the *Fortnightly* is signed "The Writer of the First 'X' Article," and the third article, which appears in the present number, is manifestly a reply to the first and second. All this is a needless mystification, for there is no reason why one harmless letter of the alphabet should bear this triple responsibility. Mathematicians may feel aggrieved by what may seem to them an illicit attempt to invest x with the unknown quantity of y . Surely three more discordant voices about Ireland were never heard. The third "X" is convinced that Home Rule is inevitable, that it will lead to the dominance of the moderate party in Irish politics, that the Irish people are essentially conservative clansmen, and will probably rally in the main to the future leadership of some titled representative of a very old family, and that the aggressive national sentiment, now so alarming to Unionists, will be succeeded by a purely prosaic interest in local affairs, and an administration conducted on Celtic, not English, lines. Another question of authorship rises in the *New Review*, the first number of a fresh series, greatly enlarged, partly illustrated, and bespeaking a vigorous co-operation of Mr. Archibald Grove and his new publisher, Mr. William Heinemann. This number has an effective short story entitled "A Lucky Sixpence," and the editor says he has withheld the name of the author, a man of repute, in order that the story may stand on its own merits, which are certainly considerable. It is the pathetic experience of a little servant-girl who gets into "trouble," and I venture to wager a sixpence, lucky or unlucky, that the author is Mr. George Moore, and that he has adopted the device, not unknown to writers of fiction—Mr. Hardy for a most notable instance—of publishing as a complete story a chapter from a novel. The *New Review* has done another interesting thing. It has discovered an apologist of the Russian Government, a writer styling himself "Ivanoff," who is kind enough to inform us that the English supporters of the journal *Free Russia* are the accomplices of murderers, and that our patronage of Nihilism is the reason why Anarchy openly defies the laws of this country. "Ivanoff" is probably the successor of Madame de Novikoff, who for some mysterious reason has discontinued her vigorous polemic on behalf of Russian methods of administration. It is a pity, for Madame de Novikoff has lived long among us and knows too much of our ways to fall into the childish blunders of the Russian scribe in the *New Review*. In one breath this advocate assures us that the "Russian population" is loyal to the "institutions" of Russia, and in the next that "a liberal constitution" in that country would endanger the "unity of the Empire." Really the St. Petersburg bureaucrats should either ignore English public opinion altogether or not commit the task of educating it to a person who loses his head among his self-contradictions.

In the *Contemporary* Mr. Walter Besant arrays his favourite arguments for the better government of literature by a Guild or Congress, which, among other things, shall teach the canons of criticism to writers who "ignorantly stare and laugh if you tell them fiction is one of the fine arts." Unhappily, there are critics, by no means ignorant, who hold that the proportion of fine art in the fiction with which they make professional acquaintance is infinitesimal: hence the sarcasms of Mr. Whibley in the *Pall Mall Magazine* on the subject of novelists. However, there are two serial stories at the present juncture which demand the respect even of the inveterate scoffer. No one can read the January instalment of "Lord Ormont and his Aminta" in the *Pall Mall* without recognising that Mr. George Meredith has full command of his incomparable comedy. And the beginning of "Trilby," Mr. Du Maurier's novel in *Harper's*, is delightful in a style full of charming harmonies of grace and humour. The portrait of Trilby, from the pencil of the author, is reproduced on this page. She is a stalwart young woman, half French and half Irish, an artist's model with the most beautiful feet in Paris. (They are concealed just now in a pair of huge slippers). Only I wish Mr. Du Maurier had not thought it necessary to make an elaborate apology for his heroine to the Young Person. Perhaps he thinks that faded divinity is still supreme in America. He had better



From Harper's Magazine.

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"WISTFUL AND SWEET."

Drawn by George Du Maurier as an illustration to his story "Trilby."

read Mrs. Crackanthorpe in the *Nineteenth Century* on the revolt of the modern maiden against conventional propriety. The *English Illustrated* has some capital stories, notably the adventure of the Right Honourable Percy Burgoyne during the brief absence of his spirit from his body. I prefer Mr. Max Pemberton's green diamonds to his opals. But on the wanton killing of Sherlock Holmes in the *Strand Magazine*, I would rather observe a grim reticence.

L. F. A.

The National Federation of Liberal Associations has selected Portsmouth for the holding of its annual gathering in February next. The townhall has been engaged for the public meetings.

Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, the well-known leader of the Brahmo-Somaj, who has just returned from the United States, where he attended the world's Parliament of Religions as Hindoo delegate, has stated his opinions thus: "The immediate results of the Congress will be the widening of sectarian views into universal principles and the expansion of creeds. To individual members of various religions it has resulted in increased mutual respect and appreciation. I do not think, however, that the denominational bodies have at all changed their relations one to the other. It is proposed to form a permanent committee to give perpetuity to the decisions taken at Chicago. This committee should be composed of men of all religious beliefs, in England to represent the Western, and in India to represent the Eastern, world. Professor Max Müller favours the establishment of a journal to be the universal religious organ."

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

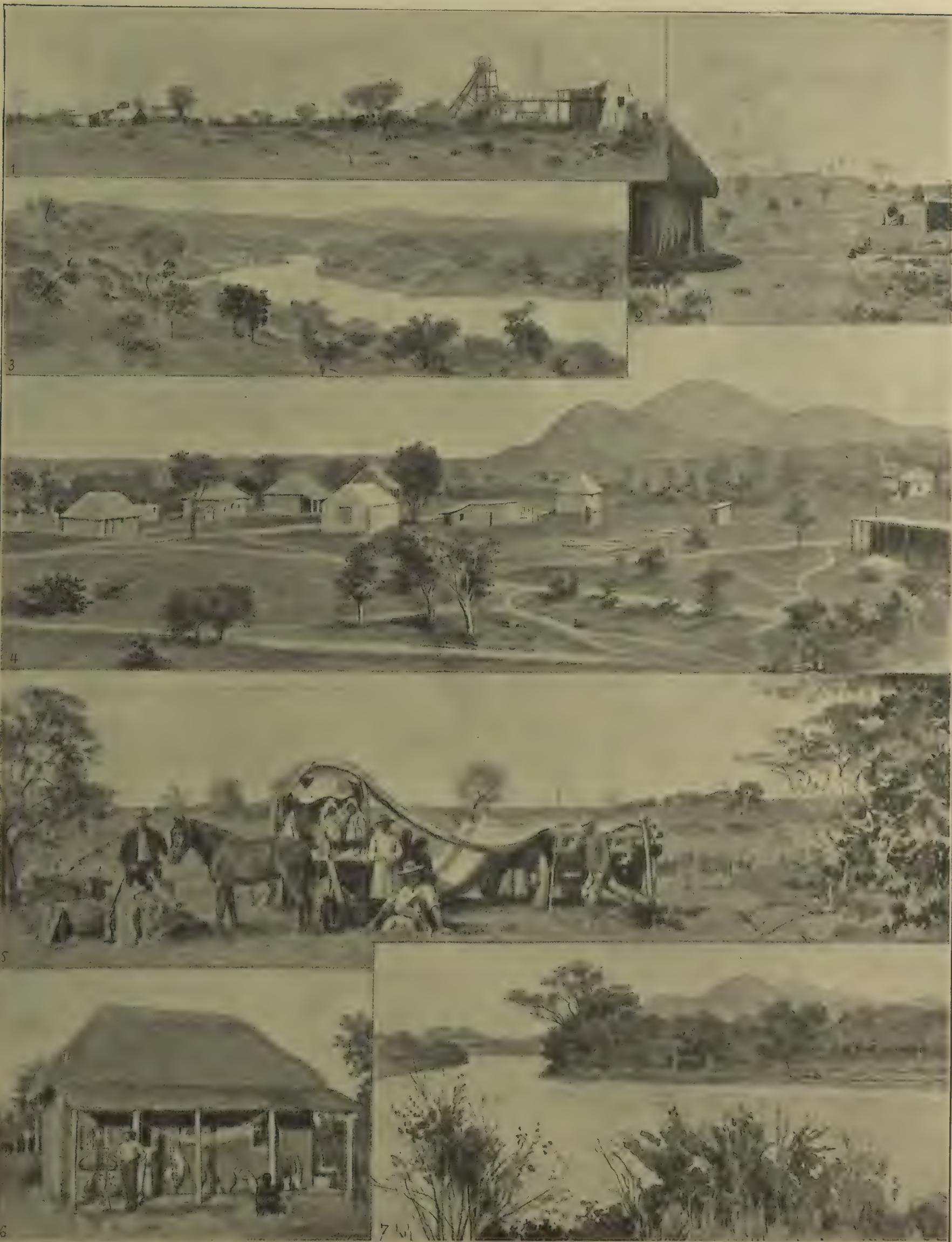
BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The verdict in the Monson case was, I suppose, fully expected by the great mass of readers who followed out the evidence in detail. The scientific evidence given in the course of this trial was of an extremely interesting kind, no doubt, but the general effect it was calculated to have on the mind was simply that of the absolute uncertainty of the behaviour of guns at large, and of the impossibility of determining how many gun accidents may occur. One could not help recalling to mind the impolite remark of an old sportsman that a gun is often as uncertain in its temper as a woman. The case of Colonel Tillard, related in the witness-box by himself, must have made, I fancy, a very deep impression on the jury, as showing the futility (I might use a stronger word) of medical men swearing to the utter impossibility of a given injury having been self (or accidentally) inflicted. Suppose Colonel Tillard had been found shot dead by the injury he happily survived, what would have been the probable medical opinion about his case? The chances are ten to one that such an opinion would have leaned to the side of murder, for the injury would certainly not have looked like a self-inflicted one, and it would have been equally unlike an ordinary accidental one. I have often felt somewhat indignant when I have heard and read of the legal treatment of medical witnesses. After the Monson case I shall look more leniently upon the lawyers' criticisms of medical evidence. Some medical men never seem to remember the common-sense axiom that when you are dealing with biological matters you cannot get mathematical certainty. When one set of experts declare the utter impossibility of this or that theory, you may be tolerably sure the case is just that where another set of experts will most readily be got to take a diametrically opposite view.

I have been reading an annotation on the subject of influenza and its relations to atmospheric ozone, which latter substance is only a modified and specialised form of oxygen, found only in the purest of air, and regarded as one of nature's own disinfectants. What is startling in the report to which I allude is the opinion that, in a general way, influenza and ozone show a direct ratio—that is, when ozone is plentiful *la grippe* is in evidence. This, I repeat, is very curious if true, and would seem to indicate, for one thing, that, if germ-increase is to be regarded as the cause of influenza-spread, then the presence of ozone may be considered as favouring such microbic growth. The reverse is said to be the case with remittent fever, for as ozone increases, this fever decreases in extent. The microbe of the latter disease may be considered, theoretically at least, to be destroyed or kept in check by ozone, while that of *la grippe* is perchance tough enough in its vitality to resist the atmospheric disinfectant. The report to which I allude has been issued by the State Board of Health of Michigan.

"What the liver does" is a question which of late years physiology has been able to answer, if not completely or fully, at least with a fair amount of precision, having regard to the very complex conditions of the problems of liver-work. Among other duties which this big gland performs in animals is that of storing up a substance derived from the food, and known as "glycogen" or "animal starch." Of old, it was believed the starchy matter thus stored up was converted into sugar by the liver, and paid out to the blood, which carried it to the lungs. There, on the old view of things, the sugar was believed to be oxidised, and to give rise to the production of heat. This view has been supplanted by later information; for, while it is quite certain that the liver stores up glycogen, and while it is equally certain that this starchy matter is converted into sugar, physiologists incline to the belief that the sugar is paid out not to the lungs to produce heat (for heat is produced elsewhere), but to the muscles as a muscle-food. Dr. Pavy adopts a different view, and believes that the ultimate destination of glycogen is the formation of fat.

In a paper recently communicated to the Royal Society, Dr. D. Noel Paton, of Edinburgh, contributed the results of his researches into the mode in which the glycogen is converted by the liver into sugar. He discusses the question whether the change is due to the action of the living matter (or protoplasm) of the liver cells, or to a ferment. His experiments show that the work of sugar-production in the liver, studied in the organ when removed from the body, presents at first a rapid and then a slow stage. The result of the rapid stage is the formation of glucose, or grape-sugar, and of the latter stage, glucose with other products, such as dextrin and possibly maltose. The early and rapid stage of liver-work, Dr. Paton tells us, is stopped by destroying the cells; hence he concludes that this work is performed by the changes taking place in the liver-protoplasm itself. The slower changes he describes are credited to the work of a ferment, which is actually produced as the result of the breaking up of the liver-cells. These researches teach us anew the complexity of the liver's work, and show us how varied are the actions in this one respect alone, through which the food we eat is made serviceable for the multifarious purposes of the bodily organism.



1. Battery Monarch.
2. Tata Settlement.

3. River Tati, View from Monarch.
4. Monarch Settlement.

5. Taylor's Wagon, Macloutsie.

6. Virtue's House.

7. Inswa River, Monarch.

VIEWS IN MATABILILAND.



NEW YEAR'S FESTIVITIES: THE COTILLON.

WAS SOCRATES MAD?

BY ANDREW LANG.

Was Socrates mad? We are tempted to evade the inquiry by replying that we wish his kind of madness were more prevalent. This is no answer to the arguments of Monsieur Lélut, Membre de l'Institut, who, first in 1836, and then in 1856, published a work on the "Demon of Socrates." M. Lélut does not seem to have been a person entirely free from acrimony. In a long preface to his second edition, he not only wrangles with his critics, but reminds one of them that he (the critic, *bien entendu*) has been in a lunatic asylum himself. This is less than kind. M. Lélut has also a dispute with Sainte-Beuve, over the mystic voices heard by Jeanne d'Arc, over the madness of Pascal, and of other good men and great, whom a natural instinct of reverence forbids us to class among the insane. M. Lélut's argument might be stated thus—

Madmen have hallucinations;
Socrates has hallucinations;
Therefore Socrates is mad.

Clearly this is a faulty syllogism. Yet to this M. Lélut's argument reduces itself. But no theory can be fairly stated in this formal way. The hallucinations of madmen are habitual; so was the hallucination of Socrates. The essence of hallucination is to take some sensation, or impression, or intellectual act, really of inner origin, for something objective, external, and of outer origin. Madmen do this, as we all know, and as M. Lélut proves by examples. Thus various men, of loose life, "friends of pleasure," have heard voices and other sounds, have heard conspirators under their beds, have seen visionary enemies, and have been, deservedly, locked up till they were cured. Socrates, not a man of loose life, from his childhood heard "voices"; therefore Socrates was, so far, on a level with these lunatics, and was never cured.

Here, broadly stated, we have the thesis of M. Lélut. It is based on what we hear from men who knew the philosopher about "the Demon of Socrates." With every allowance for fancy on the part of Plato, it is certain, both from Plato and Xenophon, that Socrates, both seriously and playfully, spoke of "a divine sign," a "divine," or "dæmonic," or "spiritual" voice, which, from his childhood, had warned him against this or that act or thought, in matters either important or trivial. He would go to a dinner party, and turn away at the door; the sign had stopped him. He would prepare a speech in defence of his life; the sign, as he told the Athenians, bade him stop. According to the "Theages" (which is but doubtfully Plato's) he twice, at a supper party, checked a friend who was going out—to commit a murder. Once, according to a late tradition in Plutarch, he paused, in going home by a certain street, and bade his friends take another route. Those who did not follow him were charged, and covered with mud, by a runaway herd of swine. Now, madmen hear "voices," and obey them; Socrates heard "voices" and obeyed them; both madmen and Socrates attribute the voices to something not themselves. Does it follow that Socrates was a madman?

Let us examine the question of what the voices said. What the voice said to Socrates (as far as our information goes) was always wise and righteous. What the voices say to the madmen is always crazy and often wicked. Now let it be granted that both Socrates and the lunatics have this in common: that they mistake the unconscious working of their own minds for a message presented to their consciousness from without. But surely it makes all the difference in the world whether the unconscious working of a man's mind, his "unconscious cerebration," as Dr. Carpenter calls it, is sane or is insane! Even when the intellect of Socrates was working without his consciousness it was working sanely and righteously. That is the *differentia* between Socrates and a madman. To the lay mind of one who is no "alienist," or mad-doctor, the difference seems essential.

There is another point. The maniac hears the voice outside him and looks (perhaps under the bed) for the speaker. I do not gather that Socrates did anything of this sort—that he conceived the voice to cause atmospheric vibrations and to be audible to others. That he certainly did *not* think. What, then, was his experience? Of one kind of "unconscious cerebration" we probably all have experience. We have forgotten a name. We try to recall it, and we give it up. Later, when we are either thinking of some other matter or have begun to search our memory afresh, the name presents itself to recollection so vividly, "pops into our head" so deftly, that we say we hear it within us. This is no hallucination. We no more fancy that we hear an external voice than, when we recall a face or a scene, we fancy that the real face or place is before our bodily eyes. Now, it seems probable to myself that the "voice" heard by Socrates was only heard in this kind of way, doubtless rather more distinctly, as it were, than is usual. But that "audition" presented him with ideas at which he had not arrived by any conscious process of reasoning, just as a forgotten name flashes on us when we are not consciously trying to recall it. He did not look around to discover who uttered the voice, he did not think that it was audible to others. So far he was unlike a maniac.

But Socrates, like the maniacs, attributed the voice to an external agency—to a spirit, to "something dæmonic,"

or to "something divine." What else could Socrates possibly do? He lived in an age when general opinion believed in gods, spirits, demons, "voices syllabing men's names," on seashores and in mountain solitudes. He merely explained his own experience by the then almost universally accepted hypothesis. There is nothing insane in that. Socrates had never heard of Dr. Carpenter and of "unconscious cerebration." Like men in general, he supposed that his mind could not work without his being aware of the circumstance; indeed, I do not feel so sure of it yet, as a general accomplishment. Were he living now, when he heard his "voice" he would say, "There is the result of unconscious cerebration, or 'mentation,' as some of them call it, taking its liveliest form." Perhaps even M. Lélut would not call him mad if he adopted that hypothesis, but, ingenious as Socrates was, that hypothesis had not occurred to him; the whole tendency of his age was too much against it, too decidedly in favour of his own theory.

On all these grounds—namely, that his "voices"—his unconscious reflections—were all sane (as far as we learn), that he did not (as far as we know) conceive that they involved atmospheric vibrations, and were external; and, finally, that no explanatory hypothesis but his own was within his reach, it seems to me that we must decline to rank the robust, the sagacious, the moral Socrates with lunatics. On the other hand, M. Lélut is right when he says that we would not, for all the genius of Socrates, accept his experiences—with the risks. To hear "voices," and, in our age, to believe that they are external, is a long step towards insanity. We are not all as robust, mentally and bodily, as Socrates; who, whatever the precise vividness of his "hallucinations," remained master of his mind, till the poison reached his vital organs. M. Lélut gives another very odd case from the *Démonomanie* of Bodin, in the sixteenth century. Though a believer in sorcery, Bodin was a lucid and learned writer on politics. He tells a tale (and some have thought that the hero was himself) of a devout man who long and earnestly prayed for spiritual guidance. Consequently a spirit knocked on his door one morning, called him early every day, rapped on the book he was reading, if it were a bad book, rapped or moved his furniture, as a sign not to do this or that, and directed his conduct by pulling his ears! "Madness! hallucination!" says M. Lélut, very naturally. But—other people saw the furniture move, and heard the raps, greatly to their horror and amazement. Nobody but Socrates heard the "divine voice" of Socrates. Were the friends of Bodin, or of Bodin's acquaintance, mad also? The question is a poser for M. Lélut, and Bodin's case and that of Socrates are not "on all fours."

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

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THE JANUARY NUMBER is NOW READY.

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PRICE SIXPENCE MONTHLY.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

THE OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

The twenty-fifth winter exhibition of the Royal Academy will be deservedly regarded as one of the most successful of the series, bearing witness as it does to the apparently inexhaustible art-treasures of this country, as well as to the good-nature of their possessors. The Earls Amherst and Northbrook, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and Lords Windsor, Leconfield, and Burton have placed their collections at the disposal of the Council, while Mr. C. Ionides, Mr. Ludwig Mond, Mr. Heseltine, and Mr. Henry Vaughan, and, as usual, Mr. Charles Butler, have allowed their treasure stores to be freely drawn upon.

Passing, however, from the exhibitors to the pictures, we may notice as one of the distinctive features of the present exhibition the unrivalled supremacy of Reynolds among English artists. The keen competition maintained by the admirers of Gainsborough and Romney shows some symptoms of flagging; for although there is, perhaps, no single picture of Reynolds's which eclipses in gracefulness and beauty Gainsborough's Mrs. Robinson (139), or "Perdita," as she is better known, the four full-length portraits by the former give to the long wall in the large gallery a distinction and harmony it has seldom, if ever, known. Two of the Reynolds portraits, Lady Sanderlin (134) and Lady Romney (136), belong to Lord Burton, and, although painted at an interval of a dozen years, show how evenly the great artist sustained the best qualities of his work. From the same source come Romney's best picture in the present exhibition, the half-seated figure of Miss Pitt (26), and a very excellent example (38), especially as regards colouring, of that very unequal painter, Francis Cotes. Turning to more modern works, we can understand how, notwithstanding their rich colouring and other qualities, such pictures as John Phillip's "Early Career of Murillo" (11) and Etty's "Pluto and Proserpine" (14) have left but few enthusiasts; and one is even tempted to criticise the wool-stuffed horses in Frederick Walker's "The Plough" (8), or the affected attitude of "The Wayfarers" (44), when seen in close proximity to such simple works of lasting interest as Cotman's "Landscape" (15) or Turner's "Newark Abbey" (33), a remnant of Catholic England which pedestrians pass on their way to Guildford through Ripley.

Among the Dutch pictures—some of which are more than usually attractive and important—attention will be arrested by the little known names of Jan Ochtervelt, Gerbrandt van den Eeckhout, and Pieter Codde. Excellent examples of the two last-named, the most recent acquisitions of the new director, are lent by the National Gallery of Ireland, but in our own gallery neither one nor the other is represented. Mr. Charles Morrison lends a most excellent and almost a refined Jan Steen, "Saying Grace" (58). "The Violin" (84), a large picture representing the interior of a cabaret, with a dancing party assembled, is lent by the Queen from the Buckingham Palace collection, but a companion picture lent by the Corporation of Glasgow (87) shows this artist at his best. Peter de Hooghe, Franz Hals, Jan ver Meer of Delft are also well represented; and Mr. Ionides' landscape by Ruysdael (89) is but little inferior, if at all, to the work recently acquired for the National Gallery.

In the large Gallery No. III. the English pictures are so important that they draw attention from a number of excellent works by foreign masters, among which the three full-length portraits by Vandyck at the end of the room are the most imposing. The Duke of Abercorn's Raphael, the portrait of a senator (115), Lord Northbrook's Sebastian del Piombo, "A Holy Family" (113), and an "Adoration of the Shepherds" (111) by Bassano, lent by Mr. Charles Morrison, are most important works, but they have no very special features of interest to those acquainted with other works by the same masters. The early Italian masters are, as usual, relegated to a separate room; but although Mr. Charles Butler and a modest lender who desires to remain anonymous contribute specimens of the least known and quaintest artists of northern and central Italy, the interest excited by the Primitives will be more probably drawn away to the New Gallery, where an unrivalled display of their works has been brought together. At the same time, pictures like "The Virgin and Child" (142), by G. Bellini, lent by Dr. J. P. Richter; that by Mantegna (150), lent by Mr. Charles Butler; and that by Botticelli (469), lent by Mr. J. P. Heseltine, should not be passed by without notice.

The special features of the year's exhibition are collections of the works of the late Mr. John Pettie and of Thomas Stothard—the former of whom was born five years after the death of the latter. Between them, therefore, we have more than an entire century of painting, for Stothard's first work was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1778, and he was elected a Royal Academician in 1794; while Pettie, who began exhibiting in London in 1859, closed his career as an Academician in the present year. Of Stothard we can only say that, admitting his graceful fancy and his diligent devotion to his art, he was a poor colourist, and a worse draughtsman except when he had the pen or the needle in his hand. In many of his drawings, and notably in the designs for the Waterloo Shield, he showed a very clear mastery of this instrument, and was able to produce the most successful results; and in his book illustrations he often displayed humour, fancy, and variety to a very remarkable degree. Of Pettie's work no better praise could be given to it than to say that it bears being brought together. He had, of course, certain distinctive mannerisms, certain strivings after colour-effects, which recur in most of his pictures; but he shows a very considerable versatility in the conception and treatment of his subjects. One feels, perhaps, that with him the costume made the man, and that he had a natural tendency to dramatic effects, but he was a thorough artist, and painted with real love of his work for its own sake.

A small collection of water-colour sketches illustrating the "Book of Job," by William Blake, is also exhibited—with a view, it is said, of rectifying the impression produced by last year's display. Whether the result will be that anticipated is a matter which must be left for each to decide for himself. To us they seem grotesque rather than sublime, fantastic rather than imaginative.



After a couple of false starts they all got well away with the exception of Mr. Fobling whose old horse exhibited a decided objection to racing.



But a little gentle persuasion induced him to change his mind.



Captain Bolker's "Grayling" made the running a cracker



- until he came to the water - when he omitted to rise at the hurdle.



Just before the last fence was reached, two unnumbered competitors joined in



and quickly caused dire disaster to all the runners



with the exception of Mr. Fobling



who won an exciting race by a short head.

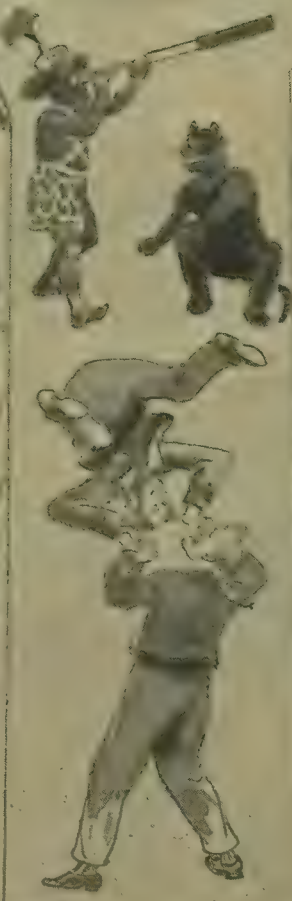
91.



John & Emma D'Auban
in the Indian Ballet



Tableau. Queen Phillipa
interceding for the burghers of
CALAIS



Henry VIII & his
wives



TCHERMA (B). SINOPE (B). EKATERINA II. (B).
Each carries six 50-ton, seven 6-inch, and
fourteen smaller guns; speed, 16·5 knots;
superior to British Admiral Class.

DVENADJAT APOSTOLOFF (B).
Four 52-ton, four 6-inch guns; speed,
16·6 knots, or over; equal to British
Admiral Class.

GHEORGIY PORYEDONOVETS (B).
Same as Sinope Class.
TRIA SVIATITELI (B).
Equal to British Nile.

ADMIRAL NACHIMOFF (M).
7782 tons; eight 13-ton,
ten 6-inch guns; speed,
16·7 knots; equal to
British Warspite.

PAMYAT AZOVA (M).
6000 tons; two 12-ton,
thirteen 6-ton guns; speed,
17·5 knots; equal to
British Orlando Class.

RYNDA (M).
Obsolete Corvette.

NIKOLAI I. (M).
8440 tons; two 22-ton, four 19-ton,
eight 6-inch, and twenty-two smaller
guns; speed, 15·9 knots; equal (save
in speed) to British Sanspareil.

The six marked B form the Black Sea fleet. The four marked M, with the obsolete gun-boat Teres, form the Russian Mediterranean fleet.

SOME RUSSIAN WAR-SHIPS.

LITERATURE.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

Rip Van Winkle and The Legend of Sleepy Hollow. By Washington Irving. Illustrations and Prefaces by G. H. Boughton, A.R.A. (Macmillan).—Messrs. Macmillan may be fairly congratulated upon their choice of Mr. G. H. Boughton, A.R.A., to illustrate the volume which this



"Who happened to have pretty sisters."—RIP VAN WINKLE AND THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

year they add to their delightful series of the lighter English and American "classics." "Father Christmas" and "Bracebridge Hall" are the most essentially English of Washington Irving's writings, and in the hands of Mr. Randolph Caldecott they found an exponent who was at once sympathetic and competent. "Rip van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" may, on the other hand, be said to be, externally at least, American in garb and in local colouring, although both stories may be traced back to the cradle of the Teutonic race. Consequently, no artist in this country was better fitted to revivify these delightful tales than the artist who is equally known and appreciated on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Boughton has already given proof of his thorough acquaintance with that half-Dutch, half-English phase of life which pervaded the New England States just after the mingling of the two nationalities which in the course of time was to result in a type marked by few characteristics of its antagonistic sources. He has, moreover, approached both the stories he illustrates with a delicate appreciation of their mingled humour and common-sense; thus achieving something more than the mere illustration of the author's words. We learn from the artist as much as from the author of the ways of poor simple good-natured Rip van Winkle—"a kind neighbour and a henpecked husband"—and we follow him with as much satisfaction as he himself wandered among the Kaatskill Mountains, finding fresh beauties at every turn of the forest path. If we have any complaint to make with Mr. Boughton's rendering, it is that he endeavours to express more than is quite compatible with the limitations of process-printing on a reduced scale. Each one of his drawings deserves to be looked at through a magnifying-glass in order fully to seize the delicate and whimsical turns his fancy takes. The winning smiles of the children who cluster round Rip's knees, the sympathetic turn of his dog's nose, the bird's nest which Rip finds in his hat on awakening from his long sleep, are worked out with almost unnecessary carefulness, and it is as well to bear in mind that in nearly all cases the drawings were in water colours, and on a scale considerably larger than that of the reproductions in black and white.

"The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," which is introduced as a fitting companion to the story of "Rip van Winkle," has furnished Mr. Boughton with quite a new type—Ichabod Crane, the village schoolmaster—the solitary man of letters in the community, who "was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels." It was very easy to make of such a personage a caricature; but Mr. Boughton has skilfully avoided this temptation, and although it was necessary to justify Miss Katrina van Tassel's ultimate rejection of him, it was not the less necessary to show some reason for her flirtation with Ichabod.

The original sketches for these two stories will, it is said, be shortly exhibited, and the full value of Mr. Boughton's art and his sympathetic treatment of Washington Irving's characters will then be more fully understood. Meanwhile, the public at large will not be sorry to have within their reach a new edition of writings which remain to us as fresh and delightful as they seemed to our fathers and even to our grandfathers, for it is now quite sixty years since the posthumous writings of Diedrich Knickerbocker were first given to the world. LIONEL ROBINSON.

NEW BOOK BY JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

A Bundle of Life. By John Oliver Hobbes, Author of "The Sinner's Comedy," "Some Emotions and a Moral," &c. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. Pseudonym Library.)—The popularity among us of "John Oliver Hobbes's" stories is probably due to their possessing merits to which we are not accustomed and faults to which we are. English novelists are prone to dullness, to prolixity, to lack of distinction and of precision, and especially to laxities of construction at which the hair of a French critic would rise on end. Mrs. Craigie, while invariably brief and pointed—while scattering epigrams and paradoxes which convey to the reader an agreeable impression of his own sympathetic intelligence, yet indulges us with those irregularities and excrescences, those purple patches out of place, and those digressions into the lives of outlying persons, to which our best writers, from Shakspeare downward, have accustomed us. She shows once more, in her new story, that strange inclination which she has twice before shown for beginning with a prologue, connected by only a link of parentage with any character of the main volume. This prologue is in itself admirable, but it has no business here. The actual story is preceded by a table of persons, and by statements that "The scene is laid," &c., and "The action takes place in the course of twenty-four hours." These suggestions of the stage are emphasised by a coruscating style of dialogue and a surprisingly apposite series of exits and entrances. The sweeping flow of incident, too, helps to recall the theatre: two declarations, each, to two ladies, in one day and one house, might be thought a little excessive, even there. Some of the chief persons, moreover, are of a changeableness to compare which with that of a weathercock would be to insult the stability of that useful object. It says much for Mrs. Craigie's power that she can contrive to make us believe and be interested in spite of features so perilously near burlesque. In Teresa, however, unchangeable and absolutely sincere, there is nothing of burlesque; and her picture—I was going to write "her portrait"—is perhaps the best and deepest piece of character-drawing which the author has yet given us. How delicate is the observation in the brief description of the woman who "had, as a rule, a self-command which was almost forbidding," but whose "primmest, least emotional manner had the mysterious charm of those things which we note unmoved and remember with passionate interest"! Few are the writers who could have expressed precisely that shade in words so few and so exact. Admirable, again, is the way in which Teresa's love for Wiche comes to find its return. The

Terasas of this world are seldom loved by the man to whom they give their heart, until he has tried some other woman, and been taught by the force of contrast. Unfortunately, in real life, where few women change their minds with the scenic rapidity of Lady Mallinger, he generally marries the other woman, and learns his lesson too late. Good, too, though on a somewhat lower plane, is the sketch of the sagacious yet always mistaken Lady Twacorbie. "He admires her extremely," said Lady Twacorbie. "Has he ever told you so?" "Of course not. It is because he has never said so that I am certain of it. Men are dreadfully discreet, my dear Teresa. I only believe in what they do not say." With all its faults of incredibility, of digression—these, however, are less than in previous work—and of construction, the story is excellent reading, and none the worse for having a subtle flavour of George Meredith. The likeness is neither in style nor in method, but in thought and mental attitude. Perhaps to Mrs. Craigie, as to her present critic, it would seem that to say that is to give her very high praise indeed. CLEMENTINA BLACK.

VOLTAIRE IN ENGLAND.

Voltaire's Visit to England, 1726—1729. (London: Smith, Elder, and Co.)—Voltaire's visit to England, the subject of Mr. Archibald Ballantyne's entertaining monograph, may almost be called his Hegira. Like the Arabian, the French prophet was forced out of his own country by persecution; and, as in Mahomet's case, his exodus was almost the genesis of his fame and influence. It is, indeed, the fact that without his visit to these shores Voltaire must have been a very considerable man, and have left a great name in French belles lettres; but it is very questionable whether he would have played the peculiar and unique part which combined for the eighteenth century the characters of Luther and Erasmus. He saw his ideas of liberty and toleration actually put into practice in English society, and was able for the rest of his life to advocate them not as mere speculations, but as truths experimentally demonstrated. His mental horizon was greatly enlarged both by the personal and intellectual acquaintances he made among English authors, and in particular by his assimilation of the Newtonian philosophy. There is ample evidence that he appreciated and repaid the obligations under which he laboured; and although he was not so enthusiastically enamoured of England as Alfieri was destined to be half a century later, he is still to be counted among the eminent men who have admired and loved her. The most important effects of the new influences to which he was subjected do not, however, appear very distinctly in the records of his visit, and are rather matters of inference from the subsequent course of his life. What we have chiefly relates to the department in which English thought least impressed him—elegant literature. Voltaire's strictures on Shakspeare and Milton have always afforded, and always will afford, English readers intense amusement, yet they are in no way discreditable to him. The wonder rather is that one so

little qualified either by nature or education to apprehend the genius of English poetry should have rendered it so much justice as he has. Imagine a Frenchman of Voltaire's time suddenly transported from the stately formal gardens of Corneille and Racine to the boundless forest of Shakspeare, and we shall praise him for having proceeded even so far as to declare with Voltaire that Shakspeare would have been an excellent poet if he had lived in the days of Addison. If this deliverance seems somewhat more absurd than the average testimony of the average French critic of the day, the reason is merely that it is more pungent and pointed. When a man is utterly wrong upon any subject, the error is only aggravated by vigour and felicity of expression. It is needless to pursue a controversy which Voltaire's own countrymen have long ago decided against him. To obviate, however, any suspicion of insular prejudice, it may be worth while to remark that Voltaire preferred Corneille and Racine to Sophocles and Euripides no less decidedly than to Shakspeare, and that he evidently confounded poetry with wit and rhetoric. When he is concerned with poets who move habitually in this lower plane, such as Pope and Addison, he is generally right; his criticism is adequate for anything lying within the boundaries of simple good sense, and he would not have admitted that this sphere could be transcended. With all his mistakes and injustices, he was of the greatest service in introducing English literature to the Continent; and as the imputations which at one time rested upon his personal behaviour during his English visit have been effectually dispelled, the episode is one upon which both England and France may look with satisfaction. Mr. Ballantyne has greatly enhanced the interest of his essay by subjoining a sketch of Voltaire's personal relations with eminent Englishmen during the remainder of his life. RICHARD GARNETT.

VALUABLE BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

Under the very correct title of "The Comprehensive Gazetteer of England and Wales," Mr. William Mackenzie (69, Ludgate Hill) has just issued the first of a series of six volumes, handsomely bound in cloth, which promises to be a most valuable work of reference. It is clearly printed, and not too topographical or statistical to be thoroughly interesting. The first volume contains excellent maps of Anglesey, Bedfordshire, Berkshire, Brecknock, Buckingham, Cambridgeshire, Cardigan, Carmarthenshire, Carnarvon, Birmingham, Bradford, and Bristol. To most people who consult its pages nothing will be so striking as the large number of villages and towns bearing the same name; for instance, we have nearly forty Carltons, and no less than twenty-three Ashtons. The information regarding these places has been admirably compiled under the editorship of Mr. J. F. Brabner, who has had previous experience of this kind on the "National Encyclopædia." It is both reliable and up-to-date, the populations being the finally corrected results of the census of 1891.

For the fifty-first year in succession Messrs. A. Thom and Co. (Dublin) issue their "Official Directory of Great Britain and Ireland," full of carefully compiled information of wide-reaching comprehension from the Navy and Army List to the average prices of fat cattle and sheep sold in Dublin Market. Occasionally there is need for correction, as in the case of the biography of Sir West Ridgeway, whose appointment to the Governorship of the Isle of Man is not noted.

What need to sing the praises of "Dod" (Sampson Low,



"These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip; "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle."—RIP VAN WINKLE AND THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

Marston, and Co.), which has attained the venerable age of fifty-four years, showing in its one thousand pages all the advantages of long experience, with none of the weaknesses of senility? "Dod" has its own peculiar way of giving information regarding the peerage, baronetage, knightage, &c. of Great Britain and Ireland; and those who have grown accustomed to notching the trees, so to speak, in this forest of fact would be sorry if "Dod" changed the concise form of its arrangement; for facility of reference it would be difficult to excel.

MUSIC IN 1893.

The year that has just ended was rich in novelties rather than in events which shed lustre upon our musical history. A glance at the records prepared by careful statisticians suffices to show that an abundance of good, sound work was done, and that there was a special amount of activity in the various departments of instrumental music. Amid the crowd of ordinary occurrences, however, there were not half a dozen that in time to come will stand forth as memorable. We shall recollect the visits of the young Italian *maestri*, Mascagni and Leoncavallo. We shall look back with pleasure upon that bright May day when the Cambridge University Musical Society celebrated its jubilee with the "assistance" of the four new Doctors of Music—Saint-Saëns, Tchaikowsky, Max Bruch, and Boito. We shall bear in mind that the wedding of the Prince of Wales's surviving son was marked by one of those brilliant State nights at the Opera for which the present régime has become famous. Beyond these, we may look in vain for events of first-class importance, unless, indeed, we take our cue from the leading journal, which has found room in its general summary of the year for one musical fact—namely, the production of a comic opera "which was very warmly welcomed as marking the *amoris integratio* of Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan."

We do not consider that 1893 was a year of perceptible progress, either for opera or for oratorio. The latter has not enjoyed flourishing times for a long while, and in the centre of the metropolis there is every chance of its becoming "played out" entirely if some new and powerful association does not come to the rescue, and utilise to good purpose the admirable facilities now afforded by the recently opened Queen's Hall. As it is, the Royal Choral Society again had the field practically to itself, the material outcome being a new Mass in D by Miss Ethel Smyth, a new ode, "East to West" (written for the Chicago Exhibition) by Professor Stanford, and a revival of Handel's "Jephtha." The suburban choral societies did capital work in their respective districts, but for novelties of noteworthy interest a provincial festival had once more to be the sole medium. In this instance the scene was Norwich, and if Mr. J. F. Barnett's "Wishing Bell" and Mr. Alfred Gaul's "Una" aimed at no very exalted level, Mr. F. H. Cowen's romantic legend, "The Water Lily," not only did so, but proved to be the best choral work that the composer of the "Scandinavian" symphony has yet given us.

The condition of opera cannot possibly be regarded as satisfactory so long as its yearly existence in London is restricted to a period of three or four months. It has been our melancholy duty to point this fact out before, and we do not propose to go over the old ground again. Suffice it to repeat that we are worse off in operative matters than the poorest Continental State, with its modest subventionised theatre and its own official impresario. Nevertheless, we are bound to say that our public chiefly has itself to thank for this humiliating position of affairs. Eighteen months ago Sir Augustus Harris gave it plainly forth that he meant to essay the experiment of running opera all the year round. He engaged a stock company and a "permanent" orchestra, and kept the ball rolling at Covent Garden and Drury Lane nearly throughout the autumn and winter of 1892 and the spring of 1893. With what result? Simply that operagoers showed themselves discontent with anything inferior to the superb and costly combination of the regular season, and that the manager was seriously out of pocket for his pains. Of course he did not persevere with his experiment, but tried instead what could be done with an autumn Italian tour in the provinces, where there is a much more steadfast and reliable public for opera than in London. In this instance, the result was a gratifying success.

Brilliant enough while it lasted, the Covent Garden season yielded only one new opera, out of five additions to the repertory, that is likely to obtain a lengthy hold upon public favour. We allude to "Pagliacci," an opera which has now, both in Italian and English dress, won fame for Signor Leoncavallo in every corner of the United Kingdom. Despite the personal prestige of Signor Mascagni, "I Rantzau" was unquestionably a failure; while Bizet's "Djamileh," having nowhere achieved success, could hardly be expected to do otherwise here. Highly creditable to the impresario was his patriotic sentiment in producing two operas by born Englishmen. The fate of these works is still, so to speak, *in nubibus*. We see that Mr. Isidore de Lara's "Amy Robsart" is to be brought out at Monte Carlo in March, when, however, the cast will not include such a trio as Madame Calvé, M. Alvarez, and M. Lassalle. The story, properly compressed, is an effective one, and the music may suit a mixed better than it does an English audience. Professor Stanford's "Veiled Prophet" was only mounted for one night in the last week of the season. Its chances, therefore, have yet to be fairly tested.

Incidental music was written by Sir Arthur Sullivan for Tennyson's play, "The Foresters," by Dr. Hubert Parry for "Hypatia," by Professor Stanford for Tennyson's "Becket," and by Mr. Edward German for "The Tempter." In the department of chamber music the most noteworthy of the new works were Brahms' pianoforte pieces, Op. 116 and 117, Dvorák's string quartet in C, Op. 61, César Franck's piano and violin sonata in A, some vocal quartets by Mr. Henschel, and a string quartet in G by Dr. Stanford.

With the exception of "Utopia, Limited," the comic operas of 1893 are already doomed to oblivion, and yet there were points of excellence in "Jane Annie" and "The Magic Opal" that might at a more propitious epoch have secured for them a better fate. The newcomers of the year numbered just half a hundred, and among them were some singers and instrumentalists, whose talents will enable them to make headway in our midst. It is nevertheless to be remarked that the ordinary ranks of the profession continue sadly overcrowded. A few English names of high repute, such as Sir George Elvey, Sir William Cusins, George Osborne, and Thomas Wingham help to swell the obituary; but it is the death of masters like Charles Gounod and Peter Tchaikowsky that will accord to the departed year its most conspicuous place in the musical calendar.

CHESS

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J S W (Exeter).—In Castling on the Queen's side, the King goes to Q B sq and the Rook is placed on Q sq. No other mode of Castling Q R is correct. Thanks for interesting letter.

W DAVID (Cardiff).—The corrected version shall be examined. In your solution of No. 2593, although you have got the key-move correct, if Black play 1. K to K 6th, there is no mate by your continuation. As this variation is the soul of the problem, you can scarcely be said to have solved it.

J F MOON.—Thanks for corrected diagram and good wishes.

JUAN RAMIREZ (Madrid).—For "Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern," apply to E. Freeborough, Parliament Street, Hull, and for Staunton's "Handbook" to J. M. Brown, 19, Bagby Street, Leeds.

J CROM (Glasgow).—Many thanks; it shall receive our careful attention.

L DESANGES (Brighton).—Very glad of your contribution. The amended version, however, disarms our criticism.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2588 received from G Ranch (Constantinople); of No. 2592 from John M Moorat (Folkestone), H C Chancellor, H F W Lane (Stroud), C Lawrence (Leeds), and F B Guerin (Guernsey); of No. 2593 from R H Brooks, Blair Cochrane (Clewley), A H B, H F W Lane, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), H C Chancellor, Alpha, E Loudon, Shadforth, T T Blythe, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), H Brandreth, E E H, T Shakespear (South Yardley), T Roberts, Joseph Willcock (Chester), and A J Haggood (Haslar).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2591 received from E Loudon, W David (Cardiff), L Desanges, Alpha, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Blair Cochrane, R H Brooks, L Beirlant (Bruges), A Newman, Hill-Top, H S Brandreth, F Cassell, G Joicey, C E Perugini, T Roberts, W R Raillem, Shadforth, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), W P Hind, J Coad, G R Hargreaves, W R B (Plymouth), Martin F, Joseph Willcock, and Ubique.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS in our Christmas Number received from F. Cassell, R H Brooks, Blair Cochrane, Martin F, and G R Hargreaves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2593.—By D. E. H. NOYES.

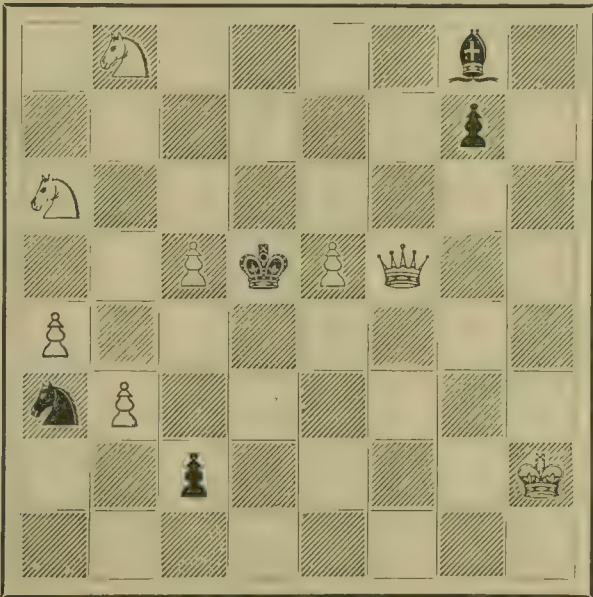
- | | |
|------------------|------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. B to R 5th | K to K 6th |
| 2. P to B 4th | Any move |
| 3. B or K mates. | |

If Black play 1. B to Q 5th; 2. Kt to Kt sq (double ch); K to B 8th; 3. B mates.

PROBLEM No. 2596.

By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the Divan between MESSRS. W. J. EVELYN and H. E. BIRD. (Scottish Game.)

- | | | | |
|--|----------------|--------------------|-------------------|
| WHITE (Mr. E.) | BLACK (Mr. B.) | WHITE (Mr. E.) | BLACK (Mr. B.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 12. Kt to B 3rd | P to R 5th |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 13. Kt to K 2nd | Kt to Kt 6th (ch) |
| 3. P to Q 4th | P takes P | 14. Kt takes Kt | P takes Kt |
| 4. Kt takes P | Q to B 3rd | 15. R to K sq (ch) | |
| 5. P to Q B 3rd | B to B 4th | | |
| 6. K B to B 4th | | | |
| B to K 3rd is the only move. | | | |
| 6. P takes Kt | Kt takes Kt | 15. | K to B sq |
| 7. P takes Kt | B takes P | 16. B to K 3rd | R takes P (ch) |
| 8. Castles | P to K R 4th | | |
| Black has now a forced and elegant mate. | | | |
| 9. K to R sq | Kt to R 3rd | 17. K to Kt sq | R to R 8th (ch) |
| 10. P to K B 3rd | P to Q 4th | 18. K takes R | Q to R 5th (ch) |
| 11. P takes P | | 19. K to Kt sq | Q to R 7th (ch) |
| B takes P is a far better move. | | | |
| 11. Kt to B 4th | | 20. K to B sq | Q to R 8th (ch) |
| | | 21. K to K 2nd | Q takes P (ch) |
| | | 22. K to Q 3rd | B to B 4th (ch) |
| | | 23. K takes B | Q takes P (ch) |
| | | 24. K to B 5th | Q to Kt 3rd Mate |

CHESS IN CANADA.

Game played at the Montreal Chess Club between MESSRS. STEINITZ and BABSON. (Kieseritzky Gambit.)

- | | | | |
|--|----------------|---|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. S.) | BLACK (Mr. B.) | WHITE (Mr. S.) | BLACK (Mr. B.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 13. R takes B (ch) | K to K sq |
| 2. P to K B 4th | P takes P | 14. Q to Q 3rd | Q to Kt 4th |
| Most players will experience a sense of pleasure in an opening like this. Whatever other faults there may be in these games they are not dull. | | | |
| 3. Kt to K B 3rd | P to Kt 4th | 15. Q R to K B sq | Q to R 3rd |
| 4. P to K R 4th | P to Kt 5th | 16. Q to B 4th | Q to Kt 2nd |
| 5. Kt to K 5th | P to R 4th | 17. Q to Kt 5th (ch) | |
| 6. B to B 4th | R to R 2nd | All this part of the game is finely managed by White. | |
| 7. P to Q 4th | B to R 3rd | 17. Q takes R P (ch) | Kt to Q 2nd |
| 8. Kt to Q B 3rd | P to Q 3rd | 18. Q takes R P (ch) | K to Q sq |
| 9. Kt takes B P | R takes Kt | 19. P to K 5th | P takes P |
| 10. B takes R (ch) | K takes B | 20. P takes P | P to Q B 3rd |
| 11. B takes P | | 21. R takes P | K Kt to B 3rd |
| This appears both forcible and novel. | | | |
| 11. B takes B | | 22. P takes Kt | Q to B sq |
| 12. Castles | Q takes P | Black's intended Kt takes P would not be good on account of 23. R takes Q. Kt takes Q. 24. R to B 8th. Mate. Now Black has little left worth playing for. | |
| Kt to Q 5th is threatened, if any attempt is made to save the piece by Q to B 3rd. | | | |
| 12. Castles | Q takes P | 23. P to B 7th | Kt to B 3rd |
| Kt to Q 5th is threatened, if any attempt is made to save the piece by Q to B 3rd. | | | |
| 12. Castles | Q takes P | 24. R to Q 4th (ch) | Kt to Q 2nd |
| Kt to Q 5th is threatened, if any attempt is made to save the piece by Q to B 3rd. | | | |
| 12. Castles | Q takes P | 25. Q to K 5th | P to Kt 3rd |
| Kt to Q 5th is threatened, if any attempt is made to save the piece by Q to B 3rd. | | | |
| 12. Castles | Q takes P | 26. Kt to K 4th | Resigns |

The Christmas number of the *British Chess Magazine* contains many features of interest; among others a story by Professor Tomlinson, a curious picture and accompanying article concerning political chess by Mr. J. G. Cunningham, a description by Mr. W. H. Pollock of American clubs to which he has belonged, and problems and eccentricities innumerable. Altogether, it is a lively and entertaining issue.

The "Gambit Tournament" of the Metropolitan Chess Club, in which each competitor is obliged to play both the attack and defence in four different gambits, is drawing to a close, only the ties remaining for disposal. The statistics generally give a slight preponderance in favour of the defence, but this is almost entirely due to the Muzio, the play in which is so well known that in no less than twenty-nine cases the second player won against sixteen for the first. The Evans, on the other hand, favoured the attack, and it now remains to be seen to whose advantage the Steinitz, reserved for the ties, will work out.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

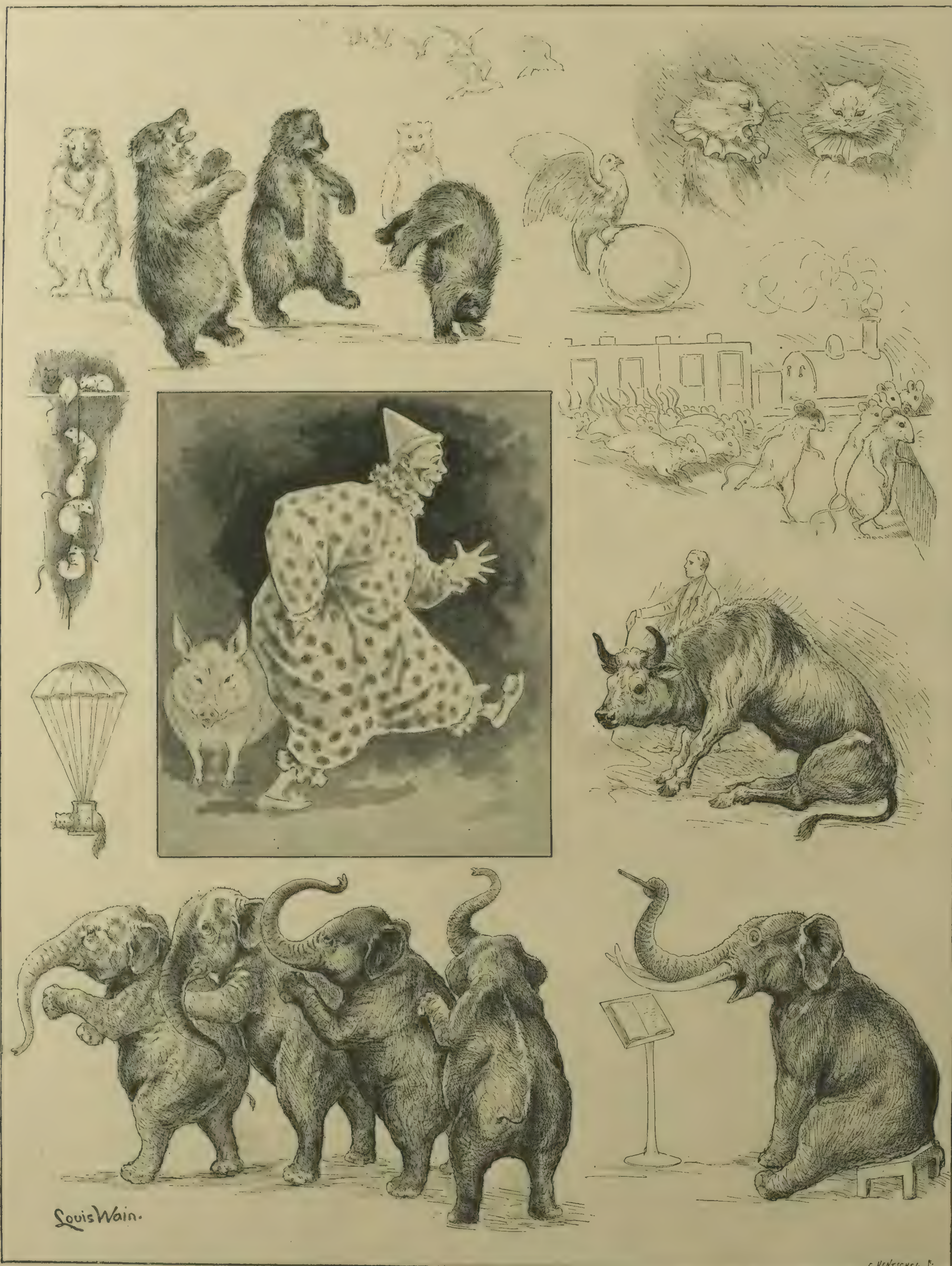
This is eminently the children's season. They cannot amuse themselves so well in the cold, short days as they can in the summer. It is a significant fact that so many entertainments are specially provided this year for children in particular. In the country there are no fewer than a hundred pantomimes running. Some, like Sir Augustus Harris's at Drury Lane, are laid out to be interesting to the elders as well as the children. Others are peculiarly the children's entertainment, like the Crystal Palace one this year; for in Mr. Horace Lennard's merry words there is not one phrase that the youngsters themselves cannot understand; while the gay and jovial bounds of Madame Katti Lanner's children are delightful to the fraternity of childhood, and more enjoyed than the more elaborately dressed and involved performance of young women in more pretentious ballets. When all the tiny girls, in their white lawn and lace-adorned night-dresses and nightcaps, danced about the Giant's kitchen at the Palace, there was hardly a child in the audience who did not audibly wish to be one of their number; and the half-real terror that the mites displayed at the aspect of the awful giant, though they knew him well enough as a kind, ordinary gentleman dressed up, was far more amusing than the affectation by big girls of the same emotion would have been. There can be little doubt that to set children to amuse each other is a successful idea. They delight none the less in the awesome giant and the extraordinary cow and the gorgeous raiment of Jack, when equipped by the delightful little Scarlet Runner for his excursion into Fairyland. But the children's ballets are the *bonne-bouche* to the children.

Yet, as we find out when we have a large family home for the holidays, children need overlooking and directing in their play with each other to some extent, if there is to be peace and prosperity, and must not be left to amuse each other too exclusively. Indeed, of all parties, the most anxious—yea, even more so than a dinner party to people richer than oneself—is a children's party. If it be a small one, at which all the youngsters are known to each other, either as relatives or schoolmates, it is all right. In that case, the more the attention of the hostess is confined to preliminary preparations in the way of suitable eatables and drinkables and the presents that are usual at Christmas parties, the more the children will enjoy themselves. But as such parties are given in town, they include a number of children who rarely meet each other, and who are invited for their parents' sakes, and not because they are companions of the children of the house. In this case it is that the diversion of the day becomes a real anxiety to the mother and big sisters of the house.

If it is a very large gathering, it is well to provide some entertainment by a professional, and for this nothing more generally popular can be found than a fairly good conjurer, especially if he end by a generous distribution of crackers, which have an attraction to the juvenile mind that can with difficulty be recalled by the mature memory. These devices for making a noise and discovering a secret treasure at one time are among the various things that are so much more delightful in childhood than they are in older days that really we ought to let the youngsters enjoy them while they are still in the way of doing so. I think this is the case with many flavours even, for I vividly remember the superiority of the taste of many viands in my early years over the flavour of their descendants—say, for instance, the strawberries, the jam puffs, or the Dutch cheeses—of to-day. Just there is observed the irony of life. When one wants crackers and Dutch cheeses one has not the means of obtaining them; while as one's resources, though limited still, arrive at the point where crackers and Dutch cheese might be freely indulged in without imprudence from the financial point of view, behold! one finds that one has lost the flavour of the delight. Well, the moral of this remembrance is, let us give our children all the small pleasures that are at our command and that are not injurious to them during those brief and fleeting years in which their happiness and enjoyment are so largely dependent on our management. Crackers, at any rate, are cheap, harmless, and delightful.

Children's parties should not be late. Even if the guests are mostly big children they are none the better for some days afterwards if they are up till after midnight, and to allow them to do so should be a very rare indulgence. All things considered, probably the best hours are from five to nine; beginning with a tea at which bread and butter, and honey and jam, and a variety of cakes are given, and ending at nine (so that the tiny ones can go home just before) with a supper of cold chicken à la Reine, cold boiled turkey, sandwiches (chiefly made of ham and tongue), stewed apples, tinned peaches, custards and creams, and jellies, and crystallised fruits, and, perhaps, mince-pies and grilled plum-pudding, and, again, plenty of crackers, with lemonade and the weakest of claret-cup, these liquid refreshments having also been available during the evening at intervals.

Games, such as blindman's buff, family coach, dumb crambo, and proverbs, are always popular; but many children are rather shy of dancing before strange "grown-ups." Towards the supper time should come the distribution of the presents, if any. This may be made in various ways. Of course there is the now familiar Christmas tree, or a fish-pond can be arranged, with the presents for the girls tied round with pink and for the boys with blue; a large tub or bath serves very well for the pond. Or Father Christmas arrives, bearing a sack—some good-natured man in a long coat powdered with cotton-wool snow, and having his face almost concealed by a huge white wig and beard, in which a few icicles are tied; wig and beard can be hired and icicles bought from any caterer for fancy-dress balls. A novelty is the American "cobweb gifts." A number of balls of gay-coloured string of a fine character—indeed, macramé thread does as well as anything—are provided, and are used to wind in and out as far as may be all over the house, each ball going in and out the banisters, round the furniture, in various rooms, and the young guests in couples, one tracing, the other winding up a ball, follow the trail till they find their little gifts.



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

It strikes me that we are singularly modest in London concerning our achievements in the art of modern amusement. Surely, the splendid and instructive show called "Constantinople," that has succeeded "Venice," at Olympia, down at Kensington, is a triumph in the way of spectacle of which Englishmen may very justly be proud. If this superb illusion, on so daring a scale, its shops, its bridges, its waterways, its manufactories, its gay busy life, its picturesque costumes, and its never-ending excitement and beauty on stage and in street, had been devised by an American or Parisian, or produced either in America or Paris, we should never have heard the last of it. Do you remember with what a flourish of trumpets good old Barnum came over from America to teach poor Old England how to amuse the people on a grand scale with his exaggerated circus and his side shows, the one defeating its own object, and the other belonging to the records of old Bartholomew Fair? Can you recall how the proud old gentleman drove round the ring in his smart carriage and pair, and evidently believed that he had "licked creation"? Can you forget what a fuss the Parisians made over their new Eden Theatre and its Excelsior ballet, when some forty or fifty girls danced in a row and in rhythmical beat of time? But America and France together have never conceived any entertainment on so lavish a scale of splendour, symmetry, or beauty as either the "Venice" of the past or the "Constantinople" of to-day. No capital in the world has ever put before the public such a superb, and I may add, such an instructive, entertainment as exists to-day at Olympia. The World's Fair at Chicago as an exhibition remains to be beaten. Nothing like it has been seen in the world's history. I grant that. But there was no feature of amusement at Chicago and in the whole scheme of the Midway Pleasance that could come within miles of our own "Constantinople." In fact, nothing like it has ever been seen. Had the same discipline, the same system, the same business heads, the same marvellous organisation been applied to the World's Fair at Chicago, who shall say what the result might not have been? All works on wheels down at Olympia. The whole machinery moves like clockwork. There is no friction, no ordering and countermanding, no authority fighting with authority, no bungling or blundering or treading on one another's heels. From the moment that the doors are opened until the instant they are closed the whole show is subjected to a discipline that is kindly, generous, and firm. There have been no complaints at Olympia. Drunkenness, disorder, and dissipation are unknown here. Everything is bright, gay, good humoured, and attractive. The pretty girls who sell are not eager for flirtation but for trade. The humble customer who only requires a sixpenny tea is just as much an object of attention and courtesy as the rich man who comes down with his friends to a *récherché* dinner. It is the triumph of democracy, and the success of this enterprise should encourage those who conscientiously believe that

the people only want to be honestly amused to be inordinately happy. No happier faces, no more genuine pleasure in a crowd have I seen anywhere this Christmas than down at Olympia, and I have had some slight experience of crowds in my life-long study of the amusements of the people. In the long history of the pleasures of the people can anyone quote one case where so much to see, to admire, and to instruct has been provided for a shilling? At Olympia you are not tempted into this or that side show as at a fair, and compelled to add shilling after shilling to the original outlay. In fact, so far as I can see, the only "extras" are for a reserved seat in the huge theatre or for a place in a boat to see the marvels of the water-way and its interesting caves and illuminated corners.

From the days of the celebrated Mrs. Jordan, Peggy, in "The Country Girl," has been the favourite character of the comedy-rump. But I doubt if the great Mrs. Jordan herself or her immediate successors—Mrs. Allsop (1815), Miss Nelson (1828), or Mrs. Mardyn—ever gave the part such a delightfully mischievous flavour as it receives from the incomparable Ada Rehan of these strangely different days. Ada Rehan on the stage is the veritable Peggy drawn by the wilful and licentious Wycherley, and adopted in turn by Mr. Lee and by David Garrick. When Miss Ada Rehan and our own William Farren are on the stage, we seem to be living two centuries ago, and to understand the gaiety, the intrigues, the affectations, the sparks, the prudes, and the Misses of the wicked Restoration days. These artists take us back to a period that we have only understood before by books and plays and pictures. What fun it all is! How delightful to see with our own eyes the testy, jealous old guardian, with choleric manner and a stout cane, who keeps his ward locked up in her room, proof against the envious eyes of the gay gallants; the inevitable waiting-maid, filling her mistress's young ears with curious stories and taking bribes from every rake in the park; the swells and exquisites, with their pedantic phraseology and their scorn of virtue; and, best of all, this inimitable Peggy, whose woman's wit defies locks, bolts, bars, and senile diplomacy! It is really worth while to take a ticket for Daly's Theatre on purpose to see the letter-writing scene as played by Ada Rehan and William Farren. Here is the very bouquet and flavour of true old comedy. The bottle has been long in the cellar; it is covered with dust and cobwebs, but when it is opened, behold! there is a scent and aroma in it still. Unfortunately, few care to taste it. The modern palate wants something stronger and more fiery than that. It clamours for ardent spirits, not for sound and mellowed claret; it delights to carol "Down! down! down among the dead men," better than "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" The anguish that leads to suicide is the modern study, not the frippery of life when Charles II. was King of England. I am bound to state that the Stuart era is not very faithfully conveyed by the minor members of the company. The majority of them confound the modern masher with the exquisite of old Pall Mall.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF LOVELACE.

William King-Noel, Earl of Lovelace, died at his seat, Horsley Towers, Leatherhead, on Dec. 29. The late peer, born Feb. 20, 1805, was eldest son of Peter King, seventh Lord King and Baron Ockham, which title was conferred on his ancestor, Peter King, Lord Chancellor in



1725. The late Earl was Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Surrey, and Honorary Colonel of the 3rd Battalion Queen's West Surrey Regiment. In 1838 he was created Earl of Lovelace and Viscount Ockham of Ockham. He married first, in 1835, the Hon. Augusta Ada Byron, only child of the sixth Lord Byron, and by her, who died in 1852, leaves issue a second but eldest surviving son, Ralph Gordon Noel Milbanke, in his own right Baron Wentworth, who now succeeds to the title of Earl of Lovelace. The Earl married secondly, in 1865, Jane, widow of Mr. Edward Jenkins, Bengal C.S., and by her leaves one son. The present Earl of Lovelace, who was authorised in 1861 to take the surname of Milbanke instead of that of Noel, married first, in 1869, Fanny, daughter of the Rev. George Herriot, of Fellow Hills, Berwickshire, and by her (who died in 1878) had one daughter. He married secondly, in 1880, Mary Caroline, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. James Stuart-Wortley.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. John Ogilvy, of Inshewan, in the county of Forfar, J.P. and D.L., on Dec. 26. The late Mr. Ogilvy, who was born Jan. 3, 1794, married, in 1829, Anne Sarah, daughter of Mr. Charles Ogilvy, of Tannadice, by whom he leaves issue.

Mr. Thomas Fenwick-Clenell, of Harbottle Castle, in the county of Northumberland, on Dec. 23. Mr. Fenwick-Clenell was born in 1811, and assumed in 1882, by royal license, the surname of Clennell on succeeding to the Harbottle Castle estate.

Sir Robert Palmer Harding, Kt., at his residence at Wetherby Gardens, on Dec. 22. The deceased Knight was founder of the firm of Harding, Whinney, and Co.

Sir Samuel White Baker, F.R.S., F.R.G.S., the African traveller and discoverer, at his residence at Sandford Orleigh, Newton Abbot, on Dec. 30. Sir Samuel, who was born in 1821, was eldest son of Mr. Samuel Baker, of Lypiatt Park, in the county of Gloucester. He was J.P. and D.L. for the county of Devon, and married first, in 1843, Henrietta, eldest daughter of the Rev. C. Martin, and secondly, in 1860, Florence, daughter of Mr. Finnian von Sass.

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New Mercury's set with 52 Diamonds, and £31 10s. Same Rose Diamonds Pearls.

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New Moon Brooch, containing 25 choice White Brilliants, £21. Smaller size, £15 10s. Same Brooch, in Rose Diamonds, £10 10s. and £7 7s. Still smaller size in Brilliants, £5 in Rose Diamonds, £4.

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New Ribbon and containing 31 2 Pearls,

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New Cluster Ring, containing 8 Brilliants and 1 Ruby or Sapphire, £8 15s.

Necklet with Centre Pearl, size 2, properly graduated, £1350; size 3, £1150; size 4, £950; size 5, £750; size 6, £600; size 7, £450; size 8, £300; size 9, £200; size 10, £150; size 11, £100; size 12, £75.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 24, 1890) has been proved of Mr. Henry Ravenhill, late of Clapham Common, who died on Nov. 23, the net personal estate being sworn at £83,407 2s. 5d. Subject to provisions for his widow during her life, the testator's residuary estate is left to his children.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the general disposition and deed of settlement and codicil, dated respectively Jan. 15, 1853, and Sept. 28, 1893, of Major-General Thomas Andrew Lumsden Murray, R.E., of The Knoll, Camberley, Surrey, who died at Canisbay, Caithness-shire, on Oct. 3, granted to Lieut.-Colonel Henry Champenowne, R.E., and William Hugh Murray, the surviving executors nominate, was resealed in London on Dec. 18, the value of the personal estate in England, Scotland, and Ireland amounting to over £49,000.

The will (dated Dec. 17, 1885), with a codicil (dated Jan. 21, 1888), of Mr. Robert Henry Pearson, late of High Street, Notting Hill Gate, ironmonger, and of 23, Campden Hill Square, who died on Sept. 7, has been proved by Jonathan Pearson, the brother, James Bailey, and Alfred Chilton Pearson, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture and effects (except a few articles given to his son), £150, and an annuity of £300 to his wife; £300 to his son Alfred Chilton; and annuities and legacies to sisters, brothers, relatives of late wife, executors, and cook. He also bequeaths £100 to the Iron, Hardware, and Metal Trades Pension Society. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his said son.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Dec. 29, 1891) of Mr. Richard Farrell, late of Thornhill Bray and Arno Bray, county Wicklow, and 21, Fitzwilliam Place, Dublin, who died on Nov. 1, granted to Major John Charles Farrell, the brother and sole executor, was resealed in London on Dec. 16, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £28,000. The testator bequeaths £100 for such charitable purposes in Ireland as his brother, John Charles Farrell, shall think

fit; £2000 to his godson, Arthur F. R. Power; and £5000 to his sister, Agnes M. Power. The residue of his property he gives to his said brother.

The will (dated Jan. 12, 1891) with a codicil (dated Feb. 3, 1892), of Mr. Edmund Locock, J.P., late of Thorpe, Louth, Elkington, Lincolnshire, who died on Nov. 24, was proved on Dec. 19 by the Rev. James Grenville Smyth, John George Allott, and the Rev. Henry Bedford Pim, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testator bequeaths all his household furniture, plate, books, effects, wines, horses, and carriages, and pecuniary legacies amounting together to £1700 to his wife, Mrs. Catherine Mary Locock. The residue of his personal estate he leaves upon trust for his wife for life, and then to pay £1000 to his godson, Edmund Locock Hughes. As to the ultimate residue, one third is to be held upon trust for his brother, the Rev. William Locock, for life, and then for his children; one third upon trust for his sister Mrs. Susanna Pim, for life, and then for her children; and one third upon trust for his sister Frances Gardner, for life, and then as to one moiety thereof to go with the one third left to his brother William, and as to the other moiety to go with the third left to his sister Susanna.

The will (dated July 13, 1892) of Miss Georgiana Croke, late of Cheltenham, who died on Dec. 8, was proved on Dec. 19 by Henry Croke, the brother, and Frederick James Croke, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £23,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to the Cheltenham General Hospital; £50 to the Delancey Fever Hospital, Cheltenham; £5000 between her great-niece, Alice Mary Bromhead, and her great-nephew, George William Freckleton; and legacies to other of her relatives, executors, and servants. She gives all the property she has power to appoint under the will of her late brother, Arthur Anne Croke, to her nephew, Frederick James Croke. As to the residue of her real and personal estate, she leaves one third between the said Frederick James Croke and her niece Ellen Howorth; one third to the children of her late brother Edward; and one third to her niece Mary Whittingstall.

The will (dated Nov. 27, 1890), with a codicil (dated Sept. 7, 1891), of Major Henry Scott, formerly 18th Hussars, and of Great Marlow, Bucks, and late of Elgin Lodge, Osborne Road, Windsor, who died on Nov. 6 at Whitstable, was proved on Dec. 19 by General James Thomas Walker, C.B., and Robert Eden George Cole, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £14,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to the Institution for Trained Nurses, Dover; £25 to the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society; £2400 to Ada Judson; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife Emily Louisa Harriet Scott, for life, and then for his nephew Francis Rodes Hutt.

The will (dated June 10, 1892) of Mr. Robert Henry Johnston, J.P., late of Grantham, Lincolnshire, who died on Nov. 23, was proved on Dec. 20 by Miss Jane Annie Johnston, Henry Hammond Johnston, and John George Johnston, the children, and John Caruthers Little, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £13,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all the real and personal estate he is possessed of as a partner in the banking firm of Messrs. Hardy and Co., Grantham, to his co-partners, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles John Bullivant Parker and Henry Hammond Johnston, upon the several trusts under which he holds the same. He bequeaths legacies to children, godchildren, nieces, great-nieces and nephews, grandchildren, clerks, servants, and others; and leaves the residue of his real and personal estate equally between his six children, Jane Annie, Henry Hammond, Edith Hannah, Maria Jemima, John George, and Thomas Leathes.

The promoters of the proposed railway to Epping Forest have deposited their Bill. Parliament is asked to give powers to construct eight railways which, taken together, are just under sixteen miles in length. The line is to begin on the north side of South Place, Finsbury, and to pass through Hackney and Walthamstow to Avey Lane, in the parish of Waltham Holy Cross. It will connect with the Cambridge line of the Great Eastern Railway Company, the Tottenham and Hampstead railway, and the Walthamstow and Chingford railway.

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AND A LITTLE BOOK CALLED 'A
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"Listen to me while I tell you something," said Mr. George Edwards, of Maddison Cottage, Lowestoft. "I was dreadfully afflicted with Dyspepsia. I could not eat anything without paying a dreadful penalty after; even the simplest food distressed me beyond words of expression. I could not sleep or rest; my mouth tasted a good deal as a scavenger's cart looks in the month of August, when the town is full of visitors; my tongue was coated; my head and back ached; my nerves were completely unstrung. My doctor said my case was bad, and he feared he could do but little for me. My friends looked solemn. Finally, I began to think it was all up with yours truly, when one evening an old chum of mine brought me some hot-house grapes and a little book called 'A Souvenir.' I dared not eat the grapes, so read the book instead. I read of the C. A. Vogeler Curative Compound, and the more I read the greater faith I had in the medicine. I sent round to our chemist for a bottle. I took my first dose of fifteen drops in water, immediately after dinner, as per directions. In three days I was much better; in a week I began to feel more like myself; in a month my landlady said she would 'rather board me a week than a fortnight,' but she 'lived in hopes that my appetite would diminish.' My appetite was something tremendous, and everything I ate tasted so good, just as it used to when I was a boy of fourteen. My food did not distress me and I gained in flesh. I continued to take the Compound for three months, when I was perfectly well. 'Now, what do you think of it?' said Mr. Edwards. 'You see me now, you saw me three months ago, should you think it possible that such a transformation could be made in a man?'"

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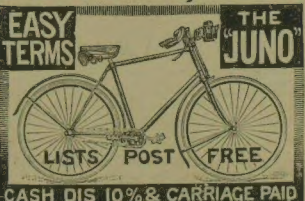
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"HOMOCEA" should be in every Cottage, Palace, Workshop, Barracks, Police-station, Hospital, and Institution—and wherever a Pain-relieving, Soothing, and Curative Lubricant is likely to be required. No discovery in the world of Healing Remedies has had such high testimony.

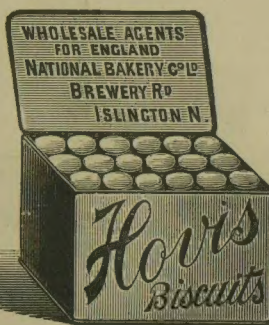
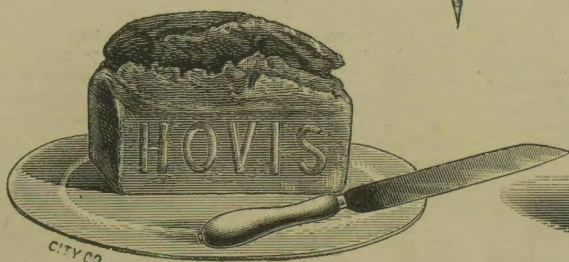
LORD CARRICK writes:—"Mount Juliet, Thomastown, 28th October, 1891.—I wish to testify to the good hand of God my Father upon me, in blessing your "HOMOCEA" in healing me of Bleeding Piles. To Him be all the praise and glory. I suffered from this distressing malady for five months, during which time I tried various remedies, Hazeline, Ruspi, Styptic, Mist Gall, and Ointment prepared by the doctor, and had Caustic applied twice, but without any relief. I was advised to undergo a severe operation under ether as the only cure. At last I tried 'Homoccea' and in two or three days I found the healing had begun, and in a fortnight I was cured. I strongly advise all who suffer from this distressing malady to give 'Homoccea' a trial."

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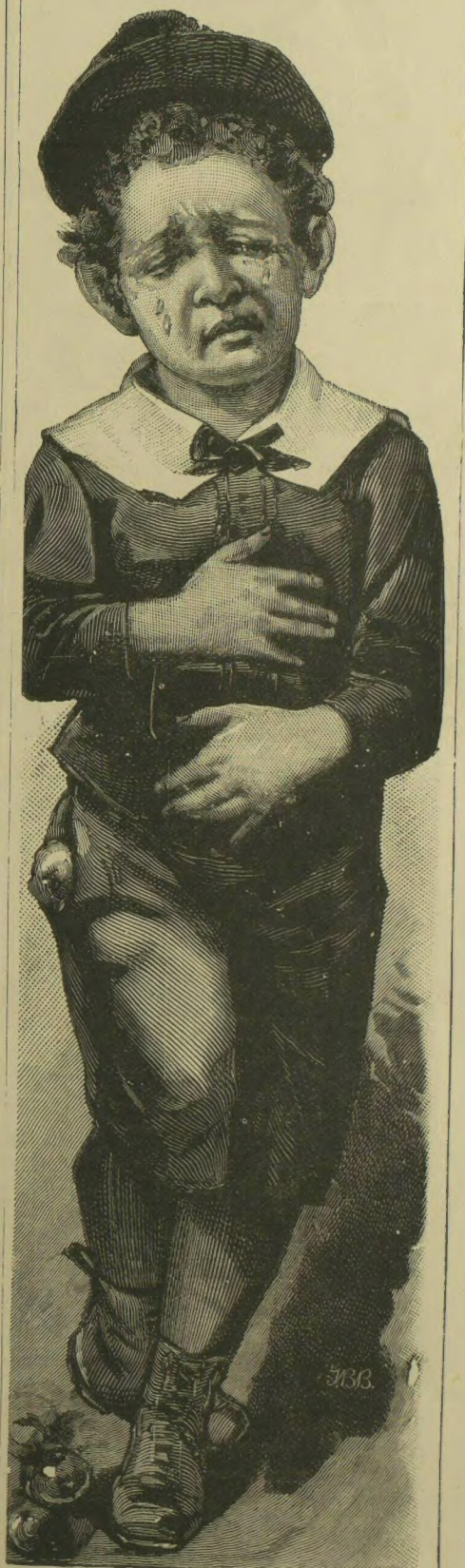
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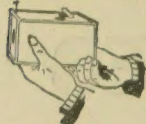
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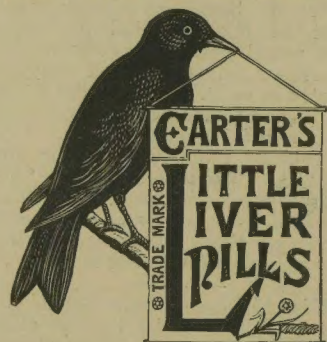


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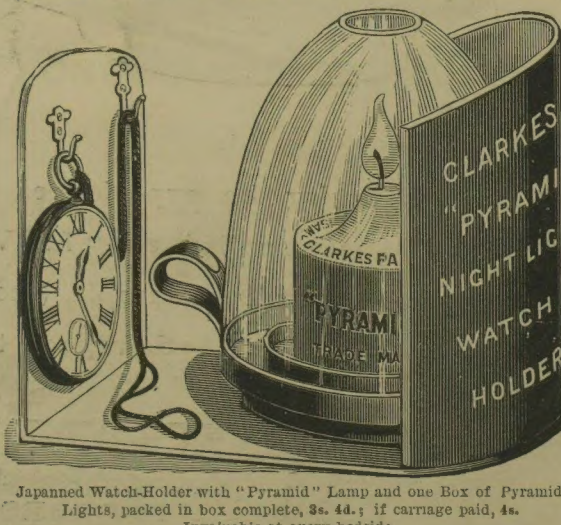
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